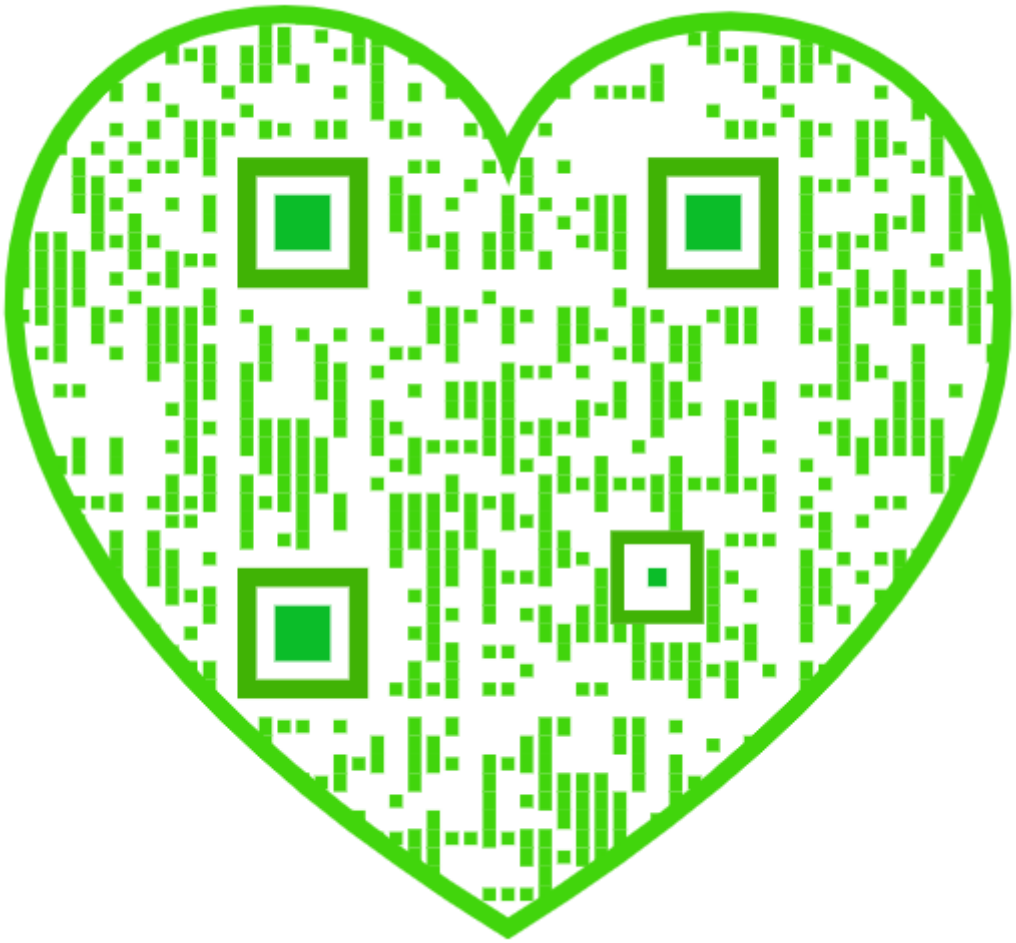

THE

NEW McGUFFEY

SECOND READER

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AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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NEW McGUF. SECOND R.
E-P 2

PREFACE

THE present revision of *McGuffey's Readers* has been made with due recognition of the advancement that has taken place in methods of instruction since the appearance of the former edition somewhat more than twenty years ago. While embodying those features which represent the latest and best ideas relative to the theory and art of teaching reading, this new edition retains those distinguishing characteristics which have given to the McGuffey series a more widespread and enduring popularity than has ever been attained by any other school text-books. More than half of the selections used are new to the series, and all have been carefully revised and adapted in conformity with the general plan of this revision. The aim has been, while avoiding experiments and whatever may prove to be of short-lived interest, to hold fast to all those features that are worthiest and most valuable, whether new or old.

Lessons inculcating worthy ideas in regard to right thinking and right living form a considerable portion of the contents of this book. Stories relating to common objects and phenomena of nature are so presented as to encourage habits of observation and inquiry. Selections from the most popular writers for young people are given, and the pupils are introduced to a few of the best and most enduring productions in modern literature.

The transition from the preceding book is without any break or unexpected difficulty; and care has been taken throughout the volume to make the pupil's progress evenly gradual. Only a few new words are used in each selection, and all such as would present the slightest difficulty to the learner are given in an appropriate word list at the head of the lesson. These the pupils should learn to recognize by sight, as well as to spell and pronounce by the aid of the diacritical marks that accompany them.

INTRODUCTION

To the Teacher: It is not intended that the pupils shall begin the book by a formal study of this introductory chapter. It contains, however, certain facts relative to the mechanics of reading, with which every child should become familiar while studying the Second Reader. It is the teacher's duty to present these facts gradually and in an interesting manner, illustrating them by practical reference to their application in the reading lessons. Here are materials and suggestions for many interesting and valuable oral lessons.

The Sounds of the Letters. — There are twenty-six letters in the alphabet. Six of these letters are called vowels; all the rest are called consonants.

The six vowels are *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, *y*.

The twenty consonants are *b*, *c*, *d*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *z*. The letter *y* is a consonant when it is followed in the same syllable by *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, or *u*.

Each letter has at least one sound; some of the letters have several different sounds. In the dictionary and also in the word lists in this book certain marks are used to show the different sounds of the vowels. These marks help us to know just how the word in which they are used is pronounced.

The long sounds of the vowels are shown as follows: —

ā,	*as in*	gāte.	ē,	*as in*	shē.
â,	"	câre.	ẽ,	"	hẽr.
ä,	"	ärm.	ī,	"	īçe.
ȧ,	"	ȧst.	ō,	"	cōld.
a̤,	"	ba̤ll.	ū,	"	ūse.

ȳ *as in* flȳ.

The short sounds of the vowels are marked thus:—

ă, *as in* ăm.	ŏ, *as in* dŏg.
ĕ, " pĕt.	ŭ, " ŭp.
ĭ, " ĭn.	y̆, " my̆th.

Other sounds are shown by still other marks, as:—

ạ, *as in* whạt.	o͞o, *as in* scho͞ol.
ê, " thêre.	o͝o, " bo͝ok.
ī, " sīr.	ô, " fôrk.
ȯ, " sȯn.	o͂, " wo͂rk.
o̤, " wo̤lf.	u̇, " fu̇ll.
o̱, " to̱.	û, " bûrn.

u̇, *as in* ru̇de.

Some of the consonants also have two or more sounds, and are marked as follows:—

ȩ, *as in* ȩan, *has the same sound as* k.
ç, " içe, " " " " " s.
ġ, " ġem, " " " " " j.
n̲, " thin̲k, " " " " " ng.
s̲, " is̲, " " " " " z.

Sometimes two vowels are required to form a single sound, as:—

o͞o *in* ro͞om.	oy *in* boy.
o͝o " lo͝ok.	ou " round.
oi " toil.	ow " cow.

Sometimes two consonants are required to form a single sound, as:—

th *in* thĭn.	sh *in* shĕll.	ph *in* ĕl'e phant.
th " thĭs.	gh " laugh.	qu " pïque.

Silent Letters. — In many words one or more letters are used that are not sounded at all. Such letters are called silent letters, and are usually not marked. Name the silent letters in the following words: —

wāke	ŏft′en	līght	tạught
bōat	mĕad′ow	stâirs	ẽarn
bēach	thĭck	heärts	hăn′dle

PUNCTUATION

In whatever you read you will find, besides the words, certain marks called *punctuation marks*. These marks are used to help make the meaning clear.

A **period** (.) is used at the end of a complete statement, as: —

All the children are happy to-day.

A **question mark** (?), or interrogation point, is used at the end of a question, as: —

Do you know why?

An **exclamation mark** (!) is used after words or sentences that express pleasure, surprise, or some other sudden thought or feeling, as: —

Oh, look at the moon!

A **comma** (,) is used to separate the parts of a sentence.

The **semicolon** (;) and the **colon** (:) are also used between the parts of a sentence, but where the separation is more distinct than that shown by a comma.

A **hyphen** (-) is used at the end of a line when a word is divided and part of it carried to the next line, as in the second line on page 10.

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SECOND READER.

spĕll	lĕt′ter	rēad′er
fĭrst	lĕs′son	rĕad′y

THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL.

All the children are happy to-day. Do you know why? It is the first day of school.

Henry has a new ball, and all the boys want to look at it. When play time comes, they will have fine fun with it.

The girls are looking at their new books. The books are full of stories and pretty pictures.

The children will learn many things at school. They will learn to read and write and sing and spell.

"I can write my name," says little May; "and I am going to write a letter to my teacher."

"I can read every lesson in the First Reader," says Lucy.

"But only think how many things we shall read about in our new books," says Rose. "I am glad that it is time for school to begin. I want to learn to be a good reader."

And so the happy children go up the road to the pretty little school house on the hill.

The teacher will be at the door to tell them "good morning." They will go in and sit at their places and try to do just as they are told.

They have been playing all summer, and now they are ready to go to work.

lärge färm pärt thăn sprĭng

LUCY'S GARDEN.

Lucy is very busy this bright, warm morning. She is working in her garden.

Do you see all her pretty flowers?

It is not a large garden, but Lucy likes to take care of it.

I wonder what kinds of flowers grow in Lucy's garden.

I am told that sweet violets grow in it in the spring, and red roses bloom there in the summer time. Now it is fall, and you can see some tall sunflowers near the garden walk.

Lucy calls this garden her farm. Sometimes she works in it all day. There is much more in her farm than you can see.

One day Frank came to see the flowers. Lucy was very glad, and she wished to make Frank happy.

"Would you like to have a part of my farm, Frank? You may have it if you wish."

"Oh, no, Lucy, I thank you. I would not know what to do with so large a farm."

fīne trāin băck bĕll tĭck′et

HENRY'S TRAIN.

Mother, will you go to town with us this fine morning?

How much do you ask for a ticket on your train?

Oh, we will give you a ticket, mother.

Thank you, Henry. At what time does your train start? Will it go soon?

Yes, mother, we are starting now. Listen to the bell. Come and get on. This is the fast train.

It is too fast for me, children. I think I shall stay at home to-day.

lȧst week brôught thôught round

THE NEW BOOK.

One day last week our teacher brought a new book to school.

It was a big book with many pretty pictures in it.

She put it on a large round table, where all the boys and girls could see it.

Then she said, "Children, if you are good every day, I will read to you from this new book."

That evening, when school was out, she read to us about some boys and girls who live far, far away from us.

When it was time to go home, she said, "In the morning, children, if you are here a little while before school begins, you may look at the pictures in this book."

"Then I will tell you about them."

We were all very happy, and thought that she was very good. We said that we would try to learn very fast. Do you not think we have a good teacher?

smą̈ll′er lärġ′er shāped

THE FULL MOON.

Oh, look at the moon
  She is riding so high!
Oh, mother, she looks
  Like a lamp in the sky.

Last week she was smaller,
  And shaped like a bow;
But now she is larger,
  And round like an O.

fīre	seen	stōres	mĕn
lĕft	few	sēats	fụll

GOING TO TOWN.

I.

Lucy and her father are going to town to-day. They do not go often, and so Lucy is very happy.

The train will be here soon, and Lucy's father has gone to buy his ticket. If he stays too long, they will be left.

Oh, here he comes! And here comes the train, too. When the train stops, they will get on. I wonder if they can find good seats.

Lucy wants to sit near a window. Do you know why?

The train will not stop long; and when it starts it will run very fast.

II.

Lucy sat by the window and looked out. The train ran so fast that she could not see much.

It was winter, and the fields and woods were white with snow.

The day was so cold that only a few children were out of doors. Some were at school, and some were at home by the warm fire.

The river was full of ice, and Lucy thought that it looked very cold and deep.

She was glad when the train came into town and she could see the fine, tall houses.

III.

Lucy thought that the town was very fine. The windows in the stores were full of pretty things. In the streets were many men and horses and wagons, and all were very busy.

There were so many houses that Lucy wondered who could live in them all. But soon the time came to go back to the farm.

Lucy and her father took seats in the train; but she did not care now to sit by the window. She did not care to see the white fields and the deep, cold river.

She was glad to get home. As she sat

by the bright fire that evening, she told her mother about the things she had seen.

"I think I will write my teacher a letter and tell her about going to town," she said.

My dear Teacher:

Father and I went to town this morning. It did not take us long to go, for the train ran very fast. I sat by the window and looked out. I could see the fields and the woods and the deep river. I was glad when we got to town. We walked down the street and looked at the pretty things in the store windows. I would not like to live in town. Would you?

Your loving

Lucy.

stŏŏd a round′ beârs did hûrt still

OUR TEACHER'S STORY.

To-day our teacher told us a pretty story. We all left our seats and stood around her to listen.

The story was about three bears that had a house in the green woods. There were vines and pretty flowers all around the door of the house.

Once a little girl came to the house when the bears were out. She did not know who lived there. When the bears came home they found her in their little room.

What do you think they did? They were good bears, and did not try to hurt the little girl.

They stood still and looked at her. When she saw them, she jumped out of the window and ran home as fast as she could.

The three bears looked after her as she ran. But they did not try to catch her.

răb′bĭts dŏl′lar bȧs′ket
căr′rў bôught brĕad

THE WHITE RABBITS.

One day Robert's father saw a boy on the street with four little white rabbits in a basket.

He thought the rabbits would be fine pets for Robert, so he asked the boy how much he wanted for them.

The boy said, "Only one dollar for the four."

Robert's father gave him a dollar and said that he would carry the rabbits home with him.

Robert was a happy boy when he saw the pretty little pets.

He takes good care of them. He gives them bread and fresh green grass to eat.

They like grass and will take it from his hand. They love Robert; he is so kind to them.

bīr'die	peep	rĕst	lŏng'er
lĭmbs	tĭll	bĕd	strŏng'er

BIRDIE AND BABY.

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie.
"Mother, let me fly away!"

"Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger."
So she rests a little longer,
And then she flies away.

What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Mother, let me fly away!"

"Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger."
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, may fly away.

rīght fȧs'ten a gain' härd brōk'en
count ĕggs straw fĕath'ers build

THE BIRD'S NEST.

One day in summer Frank and his sister Rose took a walk into the woods. All at once Frank stopped and said, "Come here, Rose, and look in this bush."

Rose ran and looked. "Oh, Frank!" she said. "A bird's nest! Let me count the eggs. One, two, three, four. Four little blue eggs!

"May we take the nest and show it to mother?"

"What would the bird do, sister, if she should come back and find her nest gone?"

"Oh, we would bring it right back, Frank. We would not keep it long."

"Yes, but we could not fasten it in its place again. If the wind should blow it over, the eggs would fall on the ground and be broken. And then what would the birdie do?"

"How does the bird build her nest, Frank? Of what does she make it?"

"She uses straw and dry grass and many other things. She lines it with soft feathers."

"She must have worked very hard to find so many things and carry them here. And see what a pretty, round nest she has made. How very busy she must have been!"

"Yes, I think she must have been at work for a good many days to build a fine large nest like this. Shall we take it away from her, Rose?"

"Oh, no, brother! We must let it stay right where the bird has put it. But we will come and look at it again some time."

be fōre′ ĕrŭmb flew ōld pĭcked

THE LITTLE BIRDS.

It was two or three weeks before the children saw the bird's nest again.

One morning when Rose was feeding her pet rabbit a little brown bird came and sat on the tree above her.

It looked at her a minute or two. Then it flew down and picked up a crumb.

"Oh, Frank," said Rose, "did you see that pretty bird?"

"What bird, sister?"

"A little brown bird. It picked up a crumb from the ground, and then flew away with it."

"Where did it go, Rose?"

"I could not see where it went. It must have gone to the woods."

"Oh, I wonder if it is not the bird that made the pretty nest we saw the other day."

"It may be the same bird, Frank. Let us go out to the woods and see the nest again."

So the children ran out to the woods and found the green bush where the nest was.

"Stop, Rose," said Frank. "I saw the old bird fly out of the bush. It was a brown bird. I think it must have been the one that took the crumb."

"Oh, Frank, what if there are little birds in the nest!"

"I am sure there are some little ones in it. But we must not go too near. Yes, I see the nest now. Come here, Rose, can you see?"

"Oh, Frank! And I see the little birds in it, too. What funny little things they are! There are no feathers on them."

"They will soon have feathers. Then they will be brown like their mother, and they will fly far away in the green woods."

brŏŏks mĕr′rў rĭng tạlk läugh

HAPPY CHILDREN.

Come, my children, come away,
For the sun shines bright to-day;
  Little children, come with me,
  Birds and brooks and flowers to see.

Bring the kite and bring the ball,
Come with happy faces, all;
  Let us make a merry ring,
  Talk and play and laugh and sing.

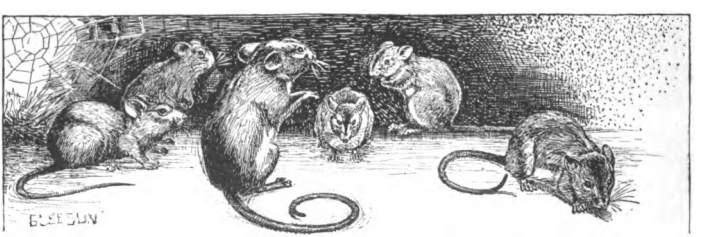
mīçe	erīed	plăn
mouse	hăng	tạlked

THE MICE.

In an old house in town there were very many mice.

One day a cat was brought to the house.

"What shall we do now?" cried the mice. "We cannot run; we cannot play; we cannot go about the old house at all. For if the cat sees us, she will be sure to catch us. We shall have to stay at home day and night."



They talked about this for a long time, and no one could think of any plan but to keep out of the cat's way.

At last a very old mouse stood up and said, "I will tell you what to do."

"What is it? What is it?" said all the other mice.

"It is this. Let us get a bell and hang it on the cat. When she runs from place to place the bell will ring. Then we will know when she is near us, and can run out of her way."

"Oh, that is a fine plan!" cried all the other mice.

Some of them ran to get the bell. When they came back the old mouse said, "Our plan is a very good one as you all know. Now who will take the bell and hang it on the cat?"

Not a mouse would do it.

ŏff	ī'dle	lăm̲b̲s̲	stĭcks	ē'ven
plēa̲s̲e	drīve	sŏng	mouth	nĕv'er

THE LITTLE SCHOOLBOY.

One day our teacher told us of a little boy who did not like his books or his school. "I do not want to go to school," he said. "I want to play all day.

"The sun is shining, and the birds are singing, and I cannot bear to be shut up in

school on this fine day. Why is it that boys have to work? I think I will go and have some fun in the fields."

So off he ran into the green fields. He saw a bee flying about from flower to flower. "Please, little bee," he said, "please come and play with me."

But the pretty bee said: "Oh no, no; I have no time to play. I have so much work to do that I must not be idle. I must get all

the honey I can;" and away went the bee, buzzing among the flowers.

Then the boy saw a dog. "Come here, my pretty dog," he said, "come and have some fun with me."

But the dog said: "I cannot come. I must take care of all the sheep that you see in this field;" and he ran to drive back some lambs that were too near the road.

Then the boy saw a bird picking up a straw from the ground, and he said: "My sweet little bird, will you come and play with me? Will you sing me a pretty song?"

But the bird said: "No, no, I cannot be idle. I must get straw and sticks, and build my nest. So good morning;" and away it flew with the straw in its mouth.

Then the little boy began to think. "I see," said he, "that even the birds, the bees, and the dogs are busy. There is work for all to do, and I must not be idle."

So he ran to school as fast as he could, and never again wished that he might play all the time.

south	wĕst	hēat	färm'ers
ēast	fōld	lāne	scămp'er
lōw	rĕd'den	pēach'es	shĭv'er ing

THE WINDS.

Which is the wind that brings the cold?
The north wind, Robert; and all the snow;
And the sheep will scamper into the fold
When the north wind begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the heat?
The south wind, Lucy; and corn will grow,
And peaches redden for you to eat
When the south wind begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the rain?
The east wind, Henry; and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane
When the east wind begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the flowers?
The west wind, children; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours
When the west wind begins to blow.

— *Adapted from E. C. Stedman.*

onçe	yärd	fŏl′low	whīle
ĕnd	trīed	grōwn	a̤l′most

THE PET LAMB.

Lucy has a pet lamb which her father gave to her. She is very kind to it, and when she goes out to play the lamb is sure to follow her.

She calls the lamb Robin. Is not that a funny name for a little sheep?

The lamb knows its name, and when Lucy calls, "Robin, Robin, Robin," it will run to her as fast as it can.

One day it went to school with Lucy. When the children went into the schoolhouse, the lamb stayed in the yard to eat grass. When play time came, Lucy took Robin home.

Once Lucy went away from home with her mother and was gone a long time. While she was away, Robin was put into a field to feed with some other lambs.

When Lucy came home again, almost the first thing that she did was to look for her pet. As she could not find Robin in the yard, she ran to ask her father what had been done with the lamb.

"Robin is in the field at the end of the lane," he said. And away Lucy ran to the field.

There were so many lambs and sheep in the field that Lucy could not tell which one was her pet. But when she called, "Robin, Robin," a fine lamb began to jump about, and ran to her.

It was Robin. "How large you have grown," said Lucy. "You are almost as big as any sheep. But I am glad to see you, even if you are bigger."

The lamb was glad, too. It ran and played just as when it was smaller, and when Lucy went back to the house it tried to follow her.

sŭn′ny	ō′pen	hīve
găth′er	lōad	yoŭng

THE BEE.

One morning, when we were all busy with our lessons, a bee flew into the schoolroom.

Do you wonder why it came in there?

The window was open, and there were some flowers on the teacher's table. The bee wanted to get honey from the flowers.

Then the teacher told us how the bees live, and what they do.

On warm, sunny days every bee is at

work. If you go into the garden, you may hear them, buzz, buzz, buzz, among the flowers.

They gather honey from the flowers. They know which flowers have honey in them.

When a bee gets a load of honey it carries it home. The home of the bees is called a hive. Did you ever see a hive? One kind of hive is like that which you see in the picture.

Why do the bees gather honey?

They feed some of it to the young bees in the hive. They put some of it away, to eat when the days are cold and wet and they cannot go out of their house.

Sometimes we take the honey away from the bees. Then they must go out and gather more.

---

lŏok	lŏoked	wŏrk	wŏrked
tą̇lk	tą̇lked	wĭsh	wĭshed
stāy	stāyed	cą̇ll	cą̇lled
trȳ	trīed	crȳ	crīed
shīne	shīn′ing	flȳ	flȳ′ing
sĭng	sĭng′ing	bŭzz	bŭzz′ing

sĕnt	mīne	hăn′dle	wrŏng	ōld′er
hĕav′y	hōld	mĭd′dle	stĭck	nēar′er

A KIND BROTHER.

Frank lives on a farm. One day his father sent him to town with a basket of apples to sell.

The basket was so full that it was very heavy. So Frank's little brother went with him, to help carry the load.

They put a long stick under the handle of the basket, and each then took hold of an end of the stick. In this way they could carry the basket very well.

Now the older boy thought, "My brother Henry does not know about this long stick.

"If I put the basket near him, his load will be heavy, and mine light; but if the basket is in the middle of the stick, it will be as heavy for me as it is for him.

"Henry does not know this as I do. But I will not do it. It would be wrong, and I will not do what is wrong."

Then he put the basket much nearer his own end of the stick. His load was now heavy, but that of his little brother was light.

Yet he was happy; for he was sure that he had done right. Had he made his brother carry the heavy load, he would not have been at all happy.

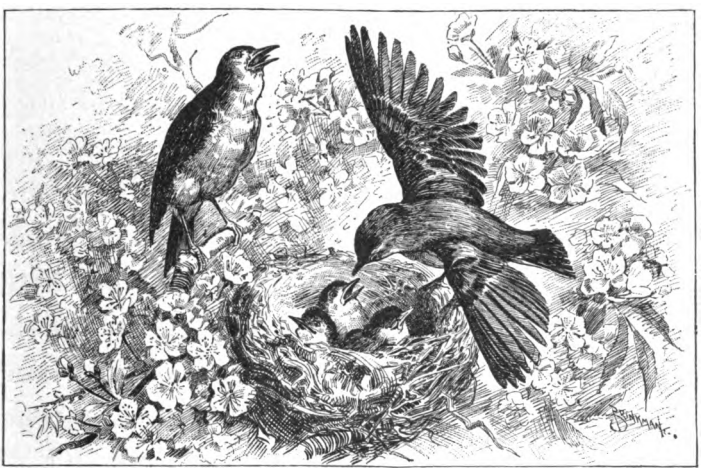
---

buĭlt	cän't	māte	sprĕad	săng
lāid	wĭngs	shĕll	be sīde′	de līght′ed

THE MOTHER BIRD.

A little bird built a warm nest in a tree,
And laid some blue eggs in it — one, two, three;
And then very glad and delighted was she —
Very glad and delighted was she.

And after a time, but how long I can't tell,
The little ones came one by one from the shell;
And their mother was pleased, and she loved them well —
She was pleased, and she loved them well.



She spread her soft wings on them all day long,
To warm them and keep them, her love was so strong;
And her mate sat beside her, and sang her a song —
Her mate sat beside her and sang her a song.

lāke	fĭsh′er man	brĕak′fast	plĕaṣ′ant
eȳeṣ	clīmbed	dȧnç′ing	wĕath′er

THE NEW BOAT.

There was once a little boy who lived very near a large lake. His name was Robert, and his father was a fisherman. Sometimes when the weather was fine, Robert's father would take him out in his boat. They would often sail far out in the lake to catch fish.

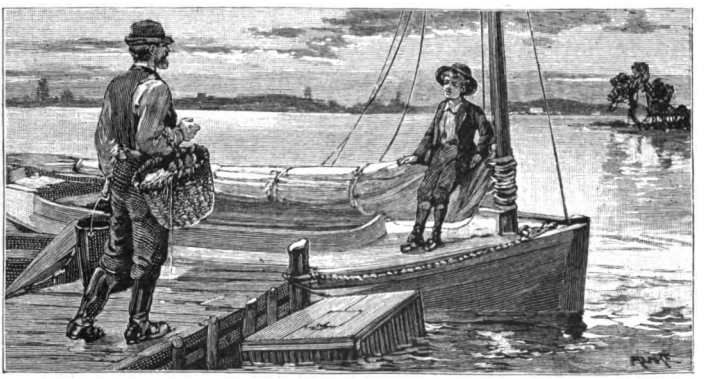
Those were pleasant times for Robert; and every evening when he came home he had many stories to tell his mother and his little sister. He learned many things about the fish that live in the deep water of the lake, and he was very glad when he could catch one.

One evening his father said to him; "Robert, I am going to try the new boat in the morning. Would you like to go out with me, and see how it sails?"

"Oh, father," he said, "you know I should like to go."

"Well, then, you must wake up early and be ready to start as soon as the sun is up."

Robert was delighted. He had never been in his father's new boat, and he thought that



it would be much better to sail in it than in the old one.

So, as soon as it was night, he went to bed and tried to go to sleep. But he could not sleep. He could not help thinking of the new boat and of the fine time he would have in the morning.

But by and by he shut his little eyes, and soon he was fast asleep. In the morning he was up as soon as it was light. He dressed himself and ran down to the lake. The new boat was riding on the water, all ready for the sail.

He climbed into the boat and sat down. He wondered why his father did not come. He could see the water shining and dancing in the morning light, and he wanted to be going.

After a long while he saw his father coming from the house with a pail and a basket.

"Oh, father," said Robert, laughing, "I thought we were going to start as soon as the sun was up."

"And so we will," said his father, "for the sun is not up yet. Run to the house and eat your breakfast, and then we shall be ready to start."

It did not take Robert long to eat his breakfast. When he went back to the boat, the sun was just beginning to shine on the water.

He had a fine time on the lake that day; but long before his father was ready to go home he was fast asleep in the new boat.

How many fishes do you think he took home to his mother and sister?

---

läugh'ing dånç'ing rŭn'ning fạll'ing
shīn'ing flȳ'ing be gĭn'ning sĭt'ting

ȧnt	strŏng	swĭm	shōre	a frāid′
tŏp	blew	swĭft	strēam	sȯme′thĭng

THE ANT.

One day a busy ant climbed into a tree to look for something to eat. It ran about among the green leaves and was not at all afraid of falling.

After a while it climbed to the top of the tree and looked down to see how high it was.

Just then the wind blew very hard. It blew the little ant from the tree, and carried it far away over the tops of the bushes.

"I shall soon fall to the ground," said the ant; "but I am not afraid. I am so light that I will not be hurt very much."

But it did not fall to the ground. It fell into a river where the water was running fast. It tried hard to swim to the shore; but the stream was strong and swift and would soon carry it down to the sea.

dȯve brāve sāve fĕl'low ŭp ŏn'

THE DOVE.

A pretty dove was sitting in a tree near the river and saw the ant fall into the water. She saw how hard it tried to swim to the shore. "What a brave little ant!" she said. "It can swim well, but the stream is too swift for it. It will soon be carried far out to sea, and that will be the end of it."

But the ant did not give up. It worked very hard, and still it could not get any nearer to the shore. Then the dove said, "I will save the brave little fellow."

So she took a leaf in her mouth and flew far out over the river. When she was just above the ant she let the leaf fall into the water. The ant climbed upon it. The wind blew it to the shore, and the ant was saved.

"Thank you, kind dove," said the ant. "I will help you some time if I can."

gŭn	shōōt	fo͝ot	noi̱se	pēo′ple
point	friĕnd	feet	hĕard	hŭnt′er

THE HUNTER.

Not many days after that, a hunter came into the woods. He saw the dove sitting on the tree. She was thinking of her mate far away, and did not hear him coming.

"That is a fine dove," said the hunter. "I will have a shot at her."

He did not see the little ant at his feet. But the ant heard what he said. It saw him point his gun at the dove. "Now is the time for me to help my friend," it said.

Just as the hunter was going to shoot, the ant bit his foot very hard. The hunter jumped and looked down.

The dove heard the noise and flew far away.

The next day she came back to find her little friend. She said, "I thank you very much, good ant. You saved my life."

The ant said, "Kind people are sure to have friends."

THE BROOK.

"Stop, stop, pretty water!"
Said Mary one day,
To a bright, happy brook
That was running away.

"You run on so fast!
I wish you would stay;
My boat and my flowers
You will carry away.

"But I will run after:
Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
You are running away."

So Mary ran on;
But I have heard say,
That she never could find
Where the brook ran away.

lāy	pāin	drĭnk	lȳ′ing	ōwn′er
pōōr	gŏt	wäshed	knew	a̤l′wāy̤s

HENRY AND HIS DOG.

One day as little Henry was coming home from school he saw a dog lying under a bush by the road.

The dog's foot had been hurt, and the poor fellow could not walk on it.

At first, Henry was afraid to go near him. But he was a kind little boy, and he did not like to see the poor dog in so much pain.

So he ran down to the brook and got his

pail full of water. This he carried back to the road and set before the dog.

The dog took a long drink, for he had not had any water that day. Then he looked at Henry as if to say, "Thank you, little boy."

Henry then washed the dog's foot in cold water, which he brought from the brook. The dog lay very still, for he knew that the boy was trying to help him.

After a while Henry told the dog to get up. He did so, and Henry was delighted to see that he could walk a little on three feet.

He followed Henry home, and when Henry's mother saw what a fine dog he was she said that the little boy might keep him till his owner came after him.

Henry made a soft bed of straw for him, and took good care of him till his foot was well. He fed him often, and soon boy and dog were very good friends. But no owner ever came to get the dog.

The dog learned to go to school with Henry. He was a great pet with the boys, and was always ready to run and play with them.

bănk	cōat	serēam	slĭpped	lĭft'ed
lĭl'ĭeş	fĕll	màs'ter	sĭnk' ing	ĕv'er

HOW THE DOG SAVED HENRY.

As the children were going to school one morning they saw some blue flowers growing on the bank of the river very near to the water. "What kind of flowers are they?" said May. "They do not look like violets."

"I think they are lilies," said Lucy; "but I am not sure. I wish I could get them."

"Oh, I will get them for you," said little

Henry. Then he climbed down the bank and tried to pick the flowers.

He had them all in his hand when his foot slipped, and he fell into the river. The water was deep, the stream was swift and strong, and the little boy could not swim.

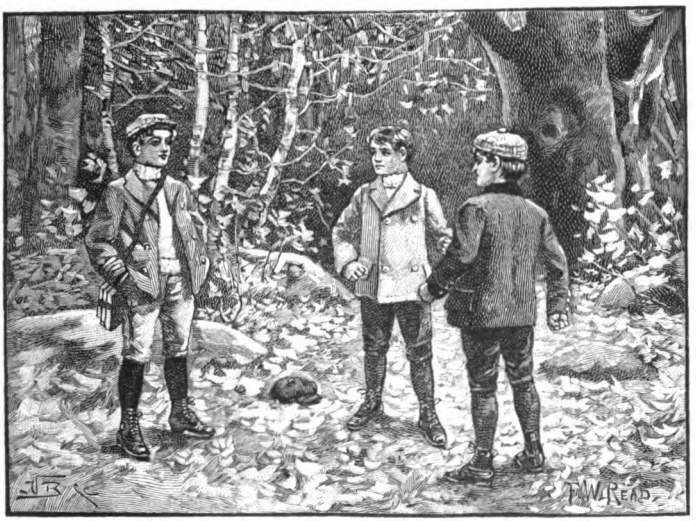
All the boys and girls who saw Henry fall began to cry and scream, but they did not know how to help him in any way.

Henry's dog heard the noise and saw his little master in the water. He ran as fast as he could and jumped into the river.

It did not take him long to swim out in the swift stream and catch hold of Henry's coat, and so keep him from sinking. Then he drew him to the bank and lifted him out.

By this time some of the big boys had come down to the river. They took Henry up and carried him home, and it was not long till he was as well and strong as ever.

You may be sure that Henry took good care of his dog after that. He was glad that he had been kind to him and had helped him when he had no other friend.



nŭt	bĕst	whose	kĕr′nel
bōth	brōke	mōst	quär′rel
pāy	ĭsn't	hälf	sĕt′tlĭng

THE QUARREL.

One day John and Henry were playing in the woods. Under a tall tree they saw a fine, large nut, and both ran to get it.

Henry got to it first and picked it up. But John cried out, "Give me that nut! It is mine, for I was the first to see it."

"No, it is not yours," said Henry; "it is mine, for I picked it up."

Then they began to quarrel about the nut. Each wanted it, and each tried to show that he had the best right to it.

Just then they saw Frank going by, and they asked him to stop a minute. "Isn't this nut mine?" said Henry.

"No, it is not his; it is mine," said John.

"Shall I tell you whose it is?" asked Frank.

"Yes, yes," said both the little boys.

"Well, then," said Frank, "who saw it first?"

"I did," said John.

"Who picked it up?"

"I did," said Henry.

"Very well," said Frank. "I will now put an end to your little quarrel."

He took the nut from Henry's hand and broke the shell. When he had done this he took out the kernel.

"Here, John," he said, "you shall have this half of the shell; for you were the first who saw the nut. And Henry, this other half is yours; for you picked the nut up.

But I shall keep the kernel as my pay for settling your quarrel."

The little boys did not like this very well. But Frank said: "It is a good lesson for you. Most quarrels end just this way."

wāve	fĭll	ŭn tīe′	sīde	throu̥gh
ḡuīde	rōpe	an ȯth′er	mo̥ve	pu̥ll′ĭng

THE SAIL.

One summer morning Robert and his little sister Rose were playing in the white sand by the shore of the lake.

Their father's boat, with the sail half set, was lying not far away. It was pulling at the rope with which it was fastened, and looking as if it wanted to get away.

"Rose, how would you like to take a sail in father's new boat?" asked Robert.

"Oh, I should like it very much," said Rose.

"Well, then, come and get in," said Robert, "and we will go out a little way. Father will not care."

"But you are too little to sail the boat, Robert. You can not make it go to the right place."

"Too little!" said the brave boy. "Why, I will soon be six, and I know all about the boat."

"Well, then," said Rose, "let us take just a little sail on the lake. But we must be back before dinner."

"Oh, we will not stay long. Climb into the boat, and I will untie her. We will have a fine sail, I tell you."

Soon Robert had untied the boat, and it began to move out from the shore.

"I will see to the sail, Rose," said Robert, "and you may sit here and guide the boat."

"That is what mother does when she goes sailing with father," said Rose.

The two children were very happy as they sailed away from the shore. The wind was blowing, and they were delighted to see how fast the boat was moving through the water.

But soon a big wave broke over the side of the boat, and Robert began to feel afraid. There was water all about their feet now, and Rose began to cry.

"Never mind, Rose," said her brave little brother. "I will dip it all out with father's dipper."

But just as he was beginning to dip, a still bigger wave came. This made Robert wish they were back on shore again; for what if the boat should fill with water and sink.

Then he looked up and saw another boat near them. Yes, it was coming right to them! Their father was in it, and he had come after them. How glad the children were to be taken safe home!

swĭng
wą̇ll
chīld
âir
wīde
rōō̇f
căt'tle
coŭn'try
plĕaṣ'ant-
est

THE SWING.

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle, and all
Over the country's side —

Till I look down on the garden green
Down on the roof so brown —
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air, and down! — R. L. S.

sew′ing	fĭn′ĭshed	ūs̱′ū al	hăp′pĭ er
knĭt′ting	bĕt′ter	to-nīght′	coŭs̱′ins̱
plĕas̱′ant er	tīred	be cạus̱e′	ūse′fụl

THE FIRESIDE.

One night in winter two little girls with their mother were sitting by a bright fire in their pleasant home. All were busy. The girls were sewing, and their mother was knitting.

At last Lucy finished her work. As she was putting it away she said, "Mother, I think the fire is very bright this evening."

"And I was about to say," cried Mary, "that this light is better than we had last night."

"My dear girls," said the mother, "it must be that you feel happier than usual to-night. Is that why you think the fire better and the light brighter?"

"But, mother," said Mary, "I do not see why we are happier now than we were then; for last night our cousins were here, and we played 'Pussy in the corner' and other things till every one was tired."

"I know! I know why!" cried Lucy. "We are happy to-night because we have been busy. We are happy because we have been doing something useful."

"You are right," said their mother; "and I am glad you have both learned that it is sometimes better and pleasanter to work than to play. You could never be happy if you had no useful work to do."

spēak	trĭck	fŏx	cạught
proud	hŭn′dred	Mr.	a lŏng
hĕad	quĭck′lў	pĭt′ў	hĭm sĕlf′

THE CAT AND THE FOX.

One day a cat met a fox in the woods. "What a fine-looking fellow he is," said Pussy. "Is there any wonder that people are always talking about him? I think I will speak to him."

So she went up to him and said, in her very kind way, "Good morning, Mr. Fox! How are you? How are you getting along now that the times are so hard?"

The fox was a proud fellow, and thought himself very much above any cat. He looked

at Puss from head to foot and did not speak for a long time. Then he said, "Oh, you poor little mouse hunter, what are you thinking about to come and ask me how I am getting along? How many tricks do you know?"

"I know only one trick," said the cat.

"And what trick is that?" he asked.

"Well," she said, "when the dogs run after me, I can jump up into a tree and save myself."

"Is that all?" cried the fox. "Why, I am master of a hundred tricks, every one of them better than that. I pity you, poor Puss. I have more tricks than dogs or men can ever know."

Just then a hunter with four dogs was seen coming through the woods. The cat climbed quickly up the tree and hid herself among the green leaves. "Now show us some of your tricks, Mr. Fox!" she said.

But before he could save himself by running the dogs were upon him. They caught him and held him fast, but did not see Pussy sitting high above them.

"Ah, Mr. Fox," said she, "your hundred tricks are not of much use to you. If you had had only one trick like mine, you might have been well and happy even now."

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rēach
cāge
dōn't
brănch
wāit
drŏp
hōle
squĭr'rel
hŏl'low
e nough'
quĕs'tion

THE SQUIRREL TO THE LITTLE BOY.

Yes, little boy, I am up here — out of your reach, I am glad to say. Would you like to catch me, and keep me in a cage? Well, you will not catch me to-day. I will keep out of your way.

How glad I am that you have not brought a gun with you. Oh, I know why you did not bring it. You are so little that your father will not let you have a gun.

Don't you wish you could climb a tree as quickly as I can? See me run out on this branch. You can't do that.

Don't hold up your hands; I am not going to fall. I laugh at little boys who think I shall fall when I run out to the end of a branch.

What have you come here for? What a funny question to ask. You have come here for nuts. Wait a minute, and I will drop one into your basket.

There now, thank me. You may have all the nuts you can find among the dry leaves on the ground. There are enough nuts in these woods for boys and squirrels too.

My home is not in this tree. It is in that big tree on the other side of the brook. What a pleasant home it is, too! It is in a hollow branch, and I go into it through a hole just large enough for a door.

There are ever so many nuts under the leaves by that big tree — enough to last me all the winter, I think.

I must not stay here any longer. I see a man coming this way. He has a gun, and will shoot me if he can. I must tell the other squirrels to keep their eyes on him and not let him see them.

Come again, some time, and I will tell you a funny story about some of the other little people that live in the woods. Good morning!

---

grōwn	äunts	fa̤ult	cūred
tēar̤s	ŭn̲'cle̤s	câre'less	grănd'mȯth-er
dĭn'ner	sle̤igh	câre'fṳl	Thănks gĭv'ing

IN A MINUTE!

Frank Brown had one great fault. Often when he was asked to do something he would say, "In a minute," and then would not think about it again for a long time.

He always wanted to go with his mother when she went to town or to see his uncles

and aunts; but he was never ready to start at the right time.

His mother often talked to him about this; but he would soon forget what she said, and be as careless as ever. At last she said, "The next time you are not ready to go with me I will leave you at home."

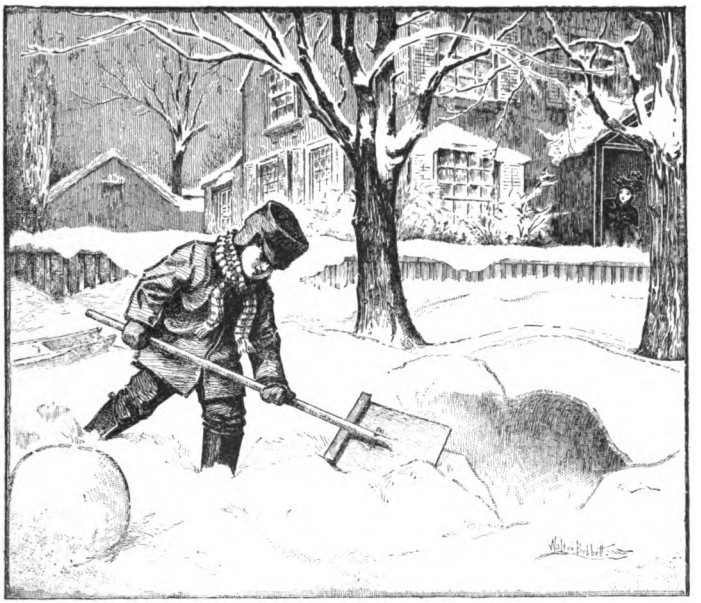
This made him careful for a long time.

His father and mother began to think that he was cured of his fault; but one day he was careless again, and so learned a good lesson.

It was Thanksgiving Day. Frank was to go with his father and mother to take dinner with his grandmother, who lived on a farm in the country.

The weather had been warm till the day before Thanksgiving. Then it had grown cold. The snow fell all day and all night, and in the morning it was two feet deep.

Frank liked the snow very much. He asked his mother to let him go out and play a little while before getting ready to go with her. She told him that he might do this if he would be sure to come in as soon as she called.



Frank had great fun playing about in the snow. When his mother called, he had just begun to make a snow house. He said, "In a minute, mother," and went on with his play.

At last he left off his play, and ran into the house.

No one was there but Mary. His father and mother and little sisters had gone and left him. Poor Frank! The tears came into his eyes, but it was no use to cry.

He did not care to play in the snow any more. He sat down by the fire and thought of the pleasant time that he might have had at his grandmother's. He thought of all the aunts and uncles and cousins that would be there. And then he thought of the dinner; and the tears began to come again.

All at once he heard some one call him from the road. He looked out and saw that it was John, the man who worked for his grandmother.

"Come, Frank," said John, "your grandmother has sent me with the horse and sleigh to take you over. Come quickly, and we shall be there in time for dinner."

It did not take Frank long to get ready, and he was soon sitting with John in his grandmother's sleigh. The horse almost flew over the snow, they went so fast; and they were just in time for dinner.

All the people were glad to see Frank. He had learned a good lesson, and was cured of his fault. When he was told to do a thing he never again said, "In a minute!"

crŏss	strŭck	ôught	tọ gĕth′er
whọm	strīke	need	a shāmed′
ăn̲′gry	spēaks	troŭ′ble	sẽrv′ing

THE CROSS BOY.

John Lane was a cross boy. He would strike and hurt those with whom he was at play, if they did not do all that he wished, or all that he told them to do.

He did not do this when he was with big boys, for he was afraid to make them angry; but to all the little boys he was very cross.

One day at school he was playing with a boy whose name was Henry Ball. Henry was a little boy, and not very strong.

They were flying a kite, and Henry could not run as fast as John wished; so John struck him in the face.

This made Henry cry; and Frank Day, who was a little larger than John, heard him. "Why are you crying, Henry?" he asked.

"John Lane hurt me," said Henry. "He struck me because I could not run as fast as he told me to."

Then Frank called to John, and said: "It would be serving you right if I should strike you in the same way; and you know I am strong enough to hurt you if I were to try. But I do not wish to do wrong, as you have done. A big boy like you ought to be ashamed to strike a child who is so much smaller."

At this, all the other boys said: "Well done, Frank. You are a brave boy to take the part of a little fellow. We like you for it.

"But as for John, we will not play with him. He is stronger than any of us, and he may strike us as he struck Henry Ball. So we will leave him. But come, Henry, do not cry; you may play with us."

So they left John, and no one would play with him. This went on for a week; and he could find no one to hold up his kite, or play ball with him.

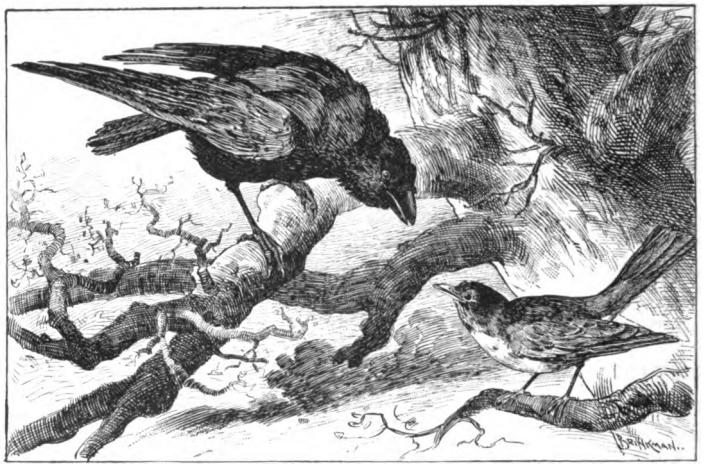
At last Henry Ball, who was a kind boy and did not like to see any one in trouble, went to him and said, "John, I will play with you, for I do not think you will hurt me again."

John said, "No, Henry, I will not strike you; and I am sure I wish I had not struck you at all."

So they played together, and John was kind, and did not say or do a cross thing.

Then Henry went to the other boys and said: "I am very sure you need not be afraid to play with John Lane now. He will not hurt you or be cross to you. I have been playing with him, and he is not like the same boy."

When the boys heard this, they said, "Well, Henry, as it is you who speaks for John, we will try him." They did try him; and from that time John Lane learned to be as brave and kind as Frank Day.



ōak	fĕlt	blăck	ŭn hăp′pў
erŏw	erōak	ŭg′lў	ȧn′swer
sŭch	buĭld	fo͞o͞l′ĭsh	sŭn′shīne

THE CROW AND THE ROBIN.

One morning in the early spring a crow was sitting on the branch of an old oak. He felt very ugly and cross, and could only say "Croak! croak!"

Soon a little robin, who was looking for a place to build her nest, came, with a merry song, into the same tree. "Good morning to you," she said to the crow.

But the crow made no answer; he only looked at the clouds and croaked something about the cold wind. "I said good morning to you," said the robin, jumping from branch to branch.

"I wonder how you can be so merry this morning," croaked the crow.

"Why should not I be merry?" asked the robin. "Spring has come, and every one ought to be happy."

"I am not happy," said the crow. "Don't you see those black clouds above us? It is going to snow."

"Very well," said the robin, "I shall keep on singing till the snow comes. A merry song will not make it any colder."

"Caw, caw, caw," croaked the crow. "I think you are very foolish."

The robin flew to another tree, and kept on singing; but the crow sat still and made himself very unhappy. "The wind is so cold," he said. "It always blows the wrong way for me."

Very soon the sun came out warm and

bright, and the clouds went away. But the crow was as cross as ever.

The grass began to spring up in the meadows. Green leaves and flowers were seen in the woods. Birds and bees flew here and there in the glad sunshine. The crow sat and croaked on the branch of the old oak.

"It is always too warm or too cold," said he. "To be sure, it is a little pleasant just now; but I know that the sun will soon shine warm enough to burn one up. Then, before night, it will be colder than ever. I do not see how any one can sing at such a time as this."

Just then the robin came back to the tree. with a straw in her mouth for her nest. "Well, my friend," asked she, "where is your snow?"

"Don't talk about that," croaked the crow. "It will snow all the harder for this sunshine."

"And snow or shine," said the robin, "you will keep on croaking. For my part, I shall always look on the bright side of things, and have a song for every day in the year."

Which will you be like, the crow or the robin?

nĕck	sēize	wēak	ēa′gle
teeth	elạwṣ	băd′lў̆	stēēp
shärp	toŭch	chĭck′enṣ	swo͞op
tōre	bōld	pĭnch′ing	be ēame′

TOM AND THE EAGLE.

In a country place not far from the sea, an old eagle had made her nest. The nest was on the top of a very large rock. People could see it; but it was so high and the rock was so steep that no one had ever climbed up to it.

In the summer time the old eagle would sail around in the air looking for something to eat. If she saw a rabbit or a little lamb, she would swoop down and seize it in her sharp claws. Then she would carry it up to her nest, and give it to her little ones to eat.

At last the eagle became so bold that she would fly down into the yard, near the house, and carry off chickens. The farmer often tried to shoot her, but she would not come near when he had his gun in his hand.

One day old Tom, the house cat, went out to take a walk. He was a very large cat, and

almost as white as snow. He was a great hunter, and often went out into the fields and woods to look for birds and rabbits.

The sun was shining warm and bright, and Tom at last lay down by the side of a green bush and went to sleep.

The eagle had just left her nest, and was sailing around and looking for something to

carry home to her young ones. When she saw Tom lying fast asleep on the grass she thought he was a large white rabbit; and so she swooped down and picked him up.

All at once Tom found himself sailing up into the air. Something was pinching him, and this made him very angry.

He turned and struck his sharp claws into the eagle. He seized her neck with his teeth.

The eagle knew now that it was no rabbit she had found. She let go of Tom, and thought that he would drop to the ground. But the cat held fast to her, and tore and bit with all his might.

Soon the eagle began to grow weak. She was so weak that she could not use her wings, and in a little while she fell to the ground.

Her neck was hurt so badly that she could not live. But Tom was not hurt much. As soon as he felt his feet touch the ground he let go of the eagle and ran away.

Do you know how many children
  Go to little beds at night,
Sleeping there so warm and cozy
  Till they wake with morning light?
God in heaven each name can tell;
Knows them all, and knows them well.

mīle pŏck′et hûr′rў cl̆o̱s̱′et stâiṟs̱
flōor tŏss bûrn cŭd′dled mĭt′teṉs̱

A MOUSE AT SCHOOL.

One morning Robin Bell and his sister Lucy were getting ready for school. The schoolhouse was a mile from their home.

"Hurry, sister," said Robin; "it is almost school time, and we shall be late."

Lucy's coat was in a closet under the stairs, and she ran to get it. She found it on the floor.

"Little girls ought to hang their clothes up," said her mother. But Lucy was in a great hurry and did not hear her.

She put on her coat, and ran after Robin. They reached the schoolhouse at just nine o'clock, and were glad to know that they were not late.

The schoolroom was very cold. "The fire does not burn well this morning," said the teacher. "You may keep your coats on till the room is warm."

Lucy put her mittens in her pocket and sat down at her desk. The room did not get warm for a long time, and the children kept their coats on.

When it was time to go out and play, Lucy put her hand in her pocket to get her mittens. Then she cried out "Oh, oh!" and the teacher ran to her.

"There is something warm and soft in my pocket," said Lucy. "I can feel it move. I wonder what it is."

"Let me see," said the teacher.

She looked in Lucy's pocket, and sure enough, there was a cunning little mouse cuddled down in one corner.

The little mouse had been at school all the morning. He had heard the children read and spell. He had heard them sing. He had heard all that the teacher had told them. It may be that his bright eyes had seen their happy faces.

Not one of the children wanted to hurt the mouse. The teacher put him in a box. When school was out, Lucy carried the box home.

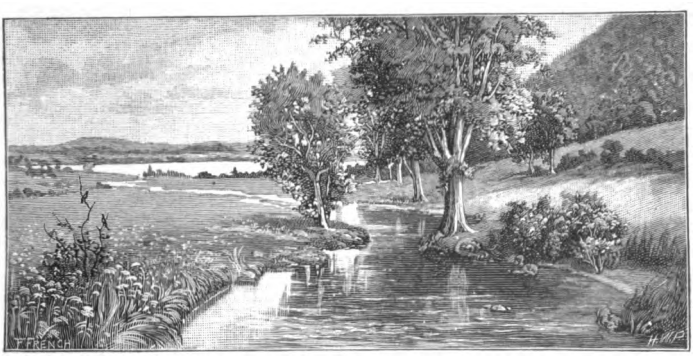
The children fed the mouse every day, and he soon became a fine pet. Lucy gave him a little ball to play with, and he learned to do many funny tricks. He learned to roll the ball about the room. He learned to toss it up in the air, and to carry it in his mouth.

How would you like to have a mouse for a pet?

Gŏd	flōw	brôad	rīse	sweet'ly
vāle	gāy	lēap	dāle	twĭnk'ling

GOD IS GREAT AND GOOD.

I know God made the sun
To fill the day with light;
He made the twinkling stars
To shine all through the night.



He made the hills that rise
So very high and steep;
He made the lakes and seas,
That are so broad and deep.

He made the streams so wide,
That flow through wood and vale;
He made the brooks so small,
That leap down hill and dale.

He made each bird that sings
So sweetly all the day;
He made each flower that springs
So bright, so fresh, so gay.

And He who made all these,
He made both you and me;
Oh, let us thank Him, then,
For great and good is He.

därk	shĕl'ter	eôl'ors	ăn'i mal
cōōl	shiēld	beaū'tĭ ful	ūse'ful
clăp	eûr'tains	tōwards	brēathed

THE CLOUDS.

One day John and Mary took a walk with their father. It was a warm summer day, and far up in the sky were many clouds.

"Just look, father," said John, "what big clouds! I wonder what clouds are made for."

"Oh, yes," said Mary, "do tell us what clouds are made for."

"Clouds are very useful," said their father; "they are great curtains."

"Curtains!" cried the children.

"Yes, they are great curtains," said their father. "What do we use curtains for?"

"Oh, I know," said Mary. "When the sun shines too bright, we pull down the curtains to keep out the heat and the light."

"Now," said her father, "when the sun shines bright, the cattle feel the heat very much, and the flowers bow their heads to the ground. Then the clouds are spread out like curtains to shield them from the heat."

It soon began to rain; they went into a farmhouse for shelter. The children stood at the window to look at the rain.

"That rain," said their father, "comes from the clouds. How useful clouds are! They are great watering pots."

"Why do you call them watering pots, father?" asked Mary.

"Why do you ask that question, Mary? I saw you taking a watering pot into the garden this morning. What did you do with it?"

"I watered the ground about my flowers," said Mary; "for when the ground becomes very dry, the plants cannot grow."

"Just so; and when all the land becomes very dry the grass, and the wheat, and the corn cannot grow. Then the clouds water it."

"Oh, I see! I see!" cried John. "The rain comes out of those great, dark clouds and waters the dry ground."

"Yes; the clouds are great watering pots which water this beautiful earth."

The rain was soon over, and the children went out again with their father. "How pleasant it is," said they, as they breathed the cool, fresh air.

"Yes," said their father; "it is made so by the great watering pots. Now, look at the clouds!"

The children looked up, and began to clap their hands. "Oh, how beautiful!" they cried.

The great clouds were moving toward the east. The sun was shining upon them, giving them all shades of beautiful colors. One cloud looked like a ship, and another was shaped like an animal with three horns.

"You see," said their father, "that clouds are pictures as well as curtains and watering pots — and what beautiful pictures they are!"

---

hâir	sāke	e͡ûrled	pret'ti ly
pāint	wŏrld	pret'ti est	chān͡ged
lēast	cheeks	wȧshed	trŏd'den

MY DOLL.

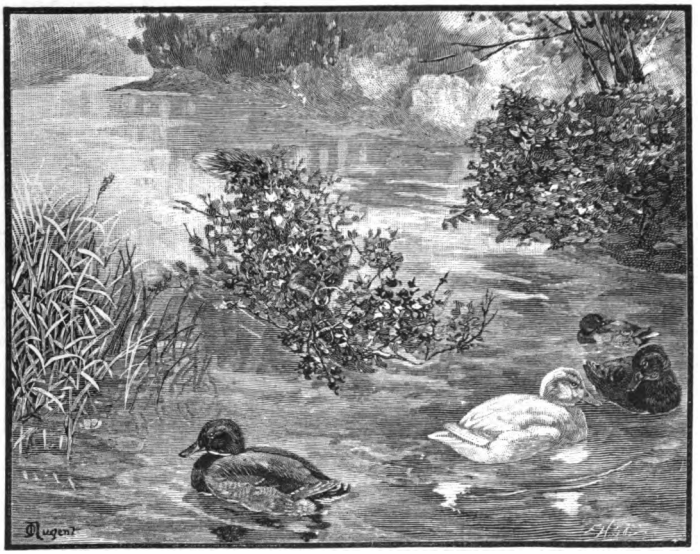
I once had a sweet little doll, —
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white,
And her hair was so prettily curled!

But I lost my poor little doll,
As I played in the fields one day;
And I cried for her more than a week,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll,
As I played in the fields one day.
They say she is very much changed,
For her paint is all washed away,

And her arm trodden off by the cows,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet for old time's sake she is still
The prettiest doll in the world.

— *Adapted from* ***Charles Kingsley.***



dŭcks	eŭn′ning	slȳ′lў	toŭched
flīght	frīght′ened	härd′lў	snăpped
frīght	how ĕv′er	seemed	wätch′ing

THE FOX AND THE DUCKS.

One day in summer a man was sitting on the bank of a river and looking at some ducks that were swimming in the water.

Soon he saw a branch with green leaves floating down the stream. As it floated near to the ducks they seemed to be frightened and flew away to another part of the river.

In a little while, however, they came back one by one, and began to swim in the water as before.

Soon another branch came floating down among them, and again they took flight; but when they saw that the branch had gone by, they came back as before.

After four or five branches had come down in this way, the ducks seemed but little afraid of them. At last, they hardly tried to fly out of their way, even when the branches almost touched them.

The man, who had been watching all this, now began to wonder who had set these branches floating down the stream. He looked around, and after a while saw a fox slyly watching the ducks. "What will he do next?" thought the man.

When the fox saw that the ducks were no longer afraid of the branches, he took a much larger branch than any he had yet used. He threw it into the river and then followed it, hiding himself behind it. Then he floated with it down the stream.

Right among the ducks floated the green branch and the sly fox. The fox snapped quickly to the right and left. He seized two fine young ducks, and swam off with them.

The rest of the ducks flew away in fright, and did not come back for a long time.

The fox must have had a fine dinner to pay him for his cunning work.

Chärleṣ	ẽarn	prīçe	pu̇lled
mȯn'ey	çēr'tain	jŏb	buṣ'i ness
a gree'	wēedṣ	whōle	sûr prīṣed'

WORK AND PLAY.

Charles White was not an idle boy, but he did not like to work long at any one time or at any one thing.

One day his father said, "Charles, would you like to earn some money by pulling up the weeds and grass in the garden?"

"Yes, father," said Charles, "I should like it quite well. How much will you pay?"

"That is not business-like," said Mr. White. "Give me your price by the hour, by the day,

or by the job; then I will tell you what I am willing to pay."

"I think I would like to work by the hour," said Charles. "Will you pay me ten cents for every hour I work?"

"Yes; if you will work an hour every morning, and stick to your work till all the weeds are pulled up, I will pay you ten cents for each hour's work."

"How many hours do you think it will take?" asked Charles.

"I am quite sure it will not take more than three hours if you work as well as you should," said his father.

"Then I shall have just enough to buy a new ball. Will you pay me now?"

"No, Charles; I will not pay you till you have done the work, or some of it. If you wish, I will pay you at the end of each hour's work."

Charles began the next morning. After working about ten minutes, he ran into the house to see what time it was. His cousin John was in the garden when he came out, and he talked with him a while about dogs and horses and a great many other things.

After John left him, Charles worked very hard for five minutes, and then ran into the house again to look at the clock.

He soon came back, but had pulled up only a few weeds when he found a beautiful flower. He sat down to look at it, and called in some boys to show it to them.

As soon as the boys were gone he went again to look at the clock, and found that it

was just one hour since he had first gone into the garden.

Charles thought this was working, and was surprised when his father told him that he would not pay him for an hour's work.

"When you have worked one whole hour you shall have ten cents," said his father. "I did not agree to pay you for playing, talking, or looking at flowers. I was to pay you for pulling up weeds."

Charles learned from this that when he agreed to work a certain time at a certain price, the way to do was to work the full time, and then he would be sure of full pay.

---

stōne	wīse	an'y whêre	ĭn deed'
bĭll	thĭrst'ў	pĭtch'er	hōped

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.

A FABLE.

One hot day in summer a wise old crow felt very thirsty, but could find no water to drink. Not a drop was to be seen anywhere.

At last he flew down in a garden, and there

he saw a pitcher among some stones. He was very much pleased, for he hoped to find some water in the pitcher.

He went to it and saw that indeed there was water in it, but it was so far down he could not reach it. He could not even wet the tip of his bill.

He then tried to turn the pitcher over, but it was far too heavy for him to move. For a minute he stood as if thinking what he should do.

Then he took up a small stone and let it fall into the water. Again and again he did the same thing, dropping in stone after stone, till at last the water rose so high that he could reach it. Then he took a good drink and flew away.

Nō′rȧ	lōne′ly	brĕad	shōul′der
clōse	quī′et	mĭlk	thĕm sĕlveṣ′
tāme	ġĕn′tle	eō′zў	₵rŭmbṣ

THE SQUIRRELS.

Little Nora lives in a log house close by the green woods. She has no sisters, and her brothers are at work on the farm all day long.

There is no other house near, and it is not often that Nora sees any other girls. Yet she is not lonely; for she has many little friends that live in the woods. Here is one of them.

How did Nora teach the squirrel to be so tame? Nora came to the woods often, and was always so quiet and gentle that the squirrels soon found they need not be afraid of her.

She brought her bread and milk to eat under the trees, and was sure to leave crumbs for the squirrels.

When they came near, she sat very still and watched them. So, little by little, she made them her friends, till, at last, they would sit on her shoulder and eat from her hand.

Squirrels build for themselves summer houses. These are made of leaves, and sticks, and moss. They are pleasant and cool for summer, but would never do for the winter cold and snow.

So these wise little people find a hollow in an old tree. They line it with soft moss and leaves and make it very cozy and warm; and there they live all winter.

---

wōve	bough	sprăng	trĕm ble	trăck
thrĕadş	sprȳ	heärt	pĕcked	hāste

THE ROBIN'S STORY.

I built me a nest
  In the old oak tree —
As pretty a nest
  As ever could be.

I wove it with threads
To the oak tree bough;
And three little birdies
Are sleeping there now.

One day as I sang
To my birdies three,
A spry little squirrel
Sprang up in the tree.

I thought he was coming
Right up to the bough,—
It makes my heart tremble
To think of it now.

I flew like an eagle
Right down through the air;
And soon he was running,
I cannot tell where.

I pecked him and pecked him,
And flew in his track;
He will not be in haste,
I think, to come back.

hătch'et	chŏp'ping	fôr'est	spōke
Wäsh'ĭng ton	chĕr'ry	ăn'ger	crăsh
fạlse'hōōd	răth'er	fôr gŏt'	dēal
prĕs'ĭ dent	be cạuse'	trūth	cōst

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

When George Washington was quite a little boy, his father gave him a hatchet. It was bright and new, and George took great delight in going about and chopping things with it.

He ran into the garden, and there he saw a tree which seemed to say to him, "Come and cut me down!"

George had often seen his father's men chop down the great trees in the forest, and he thought that it would be fine fun to see this tree fall with a crash to the ground. So he set to work with his little hatchet, and, as the tree was a very small one, it did not take long to lay it low.

Soon after that, his father came home.

"Who has been cutting my fine young cherry tree?" he cried. "It was the only

tree of its kind in this country and it cost me a great deal of money."

He was very angry when he came into the house.

"If I only knew who killed that cherry tree," he cried, "I would — yes, I would —"

"Father!" cried little George. "I will tell you the truth about it. I chopped the tree down with my new hatchet."

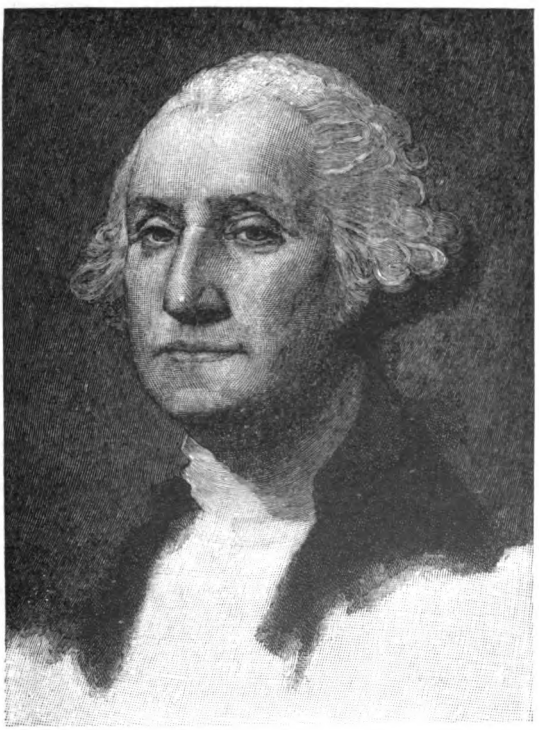
His father forgot his anger.

"George," he said, and he took the little fellow in his arms. "George, I am glad that you told me about it. I would rather lose all my cherry trees than that you should tell one falsehood."

When George Washington became a man he did many brave things to make our country free. The people loved him, and they still love his name. He was our first president.

---

chŏp	chŏp'ping	eŭt	eŭt'ting
seem	seemed	kĭll	kĭlled
fŏr gĕt'	fŏr gŏt'	lŏve	lŏved
thĭnk	thôught	spēak	spōke



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

I love the name of Washington,
I love my country, too;
I love the flag, the dear old flag,
The red and white and blue.

gāte	åf ter nōōn′	threw	tûrned
blīnd	nȯth′ĭng	spĕnt	slōw′lў
ŭn tĭl′	câr′rĭage	sŭp′per	trụ′lў

THE KIND-HEARTED BOY.

One fine summer afternoon, Henry was walking home from school. He went along slowly, reading a book.

He had spent all his money for the book, but he was a happy boy.

After a while he came into the highroad, where there was a gate. A blind man stood, holding it open.

The poor man said, "Please give me a few cents to buy some bread!" But Henry gave him nothing.

What! did Henry give the poor blind man nothing? Yes; for, as I told you, he had spent all his money.

So Henry walked on, very sad. Soon after, a fine carriage came up, and in it were Robert and his mother.

The blind man stood, and held out his hat. "Let us give the poor man something," said Robert to his mother.

His mother gave him some cents. Robert took them, but did not put them into the man's hat.

He threw them among the grass and weeds at the side of the road. The poor man could not find them, for, as you know, he was blind.

Henry had turned back to look at the fine carriage. When he saw Robert throw the cents upon the ground, he came back at once, and

looked for the money until he found it all for the blind man. This took so long a time, that he almost lost his supper.

Which of the boys do you think was truly kind to the poor man?

I know which he thanked most in his heart.

---

spāde	dīed	cŏt'tage	prāyed
cōal	Jāne	knees	stôrm'y
sŏn	tēach	knŏck	grănd'chĭl dren
sāfe'tў	blĕss	to gĕth'er	grănd'făth er

A GOOD OLD MAN.

There once lived an old man in a cozy little cottage. It had two rooms and only two windows. A small garden lay just behind it.

Old as the poor man was, he used to work in the fields. Often he would come home very tired and weak, with his hoe or spade on his shoulder.

And who do you think met him at the door? Mary and Jane, his two little grandchildren.

They were too young to do very much work. But little Jane could bring water from the

spring, and Mary could help keep the house for their grandfather.

They were too poor to buy much wood or coal in winter; but they sat close together around their little fire, and were very happy. Mary would sit on one of the good man's knees, and Jane on the other.

Sometimes their grandfather would tell them a funny story. Sometimes he would teach them a little song.

He would often talk to them of their father, who had gone to sea, or of their good, kind mother, who had died the year before. Every

night he prayed God to bless them, and to bring their father home in safety.

One cold, stormy night, they heard a knock at the door. The little girls ran and opened it. Oh, how glad they were! There stood their father.

He had been at sea a long time. He had saved some money, and had now come home to stay.

After this the old man did not work any. His son worked for him, and his grandchildren took care of him. Many happy days they lived together.

Do good, do good, there's ever a way,
A way where there's ever a will;
Don't wait till to-morrow, but do it to-day,
And to-day, when the morrow comes, still.

Be kind and be gentle
To those who are old;
For kindness is dearer
And better than gold.

dāi′rў
māid
chûrn
ēlēan
friĕnd′lў
lōw′ing
plĕn′tў

tärt
crēam
wȧn′derş
blōwn
pȧss
show′erş
bŭt′ter

THE LITTLE DAIRY MAID.

My name is Kate. I live on a farm. I am my mother's little dairy maid.

I help take care of the milk, I churn the butter, and I keep everything in the dairy house clean and sweet.

"How many cows have you on the farm, Kate?"

We have ten cows. So you must know that we have as much milk as we can take care of.

"What do you do with so much milk?"

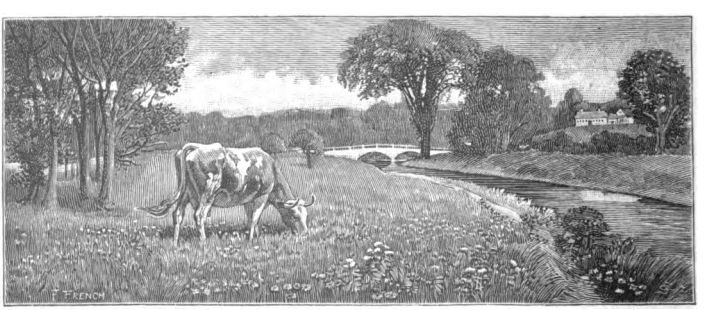
The children drink some of it. Nothing is better for little boys and girls than plenty of good sweet milk.

Every evening before the sun sets, the boys drive the cows from the field. Here is a little song that the children sometimes sing when they see the cows coming up the lane: —

The friendly cow, all red and white,
I love with all my heart;
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.



a̤l′sō	prĕssed	hōōp	rĭch
pṳd′dĭngs̤	stĭrred	sŏl′ĭd	thĭck
e͡ûr′dle	cheese̤	squeezed	mĭlk′ў

THE DAIRY.

Now tell me, little dairy maid, of what use is the milk that you put in the dairy house.

In the first place we must have milk whenever we make puddings, or cakes, or tarts. Mother often uses it in making bread. Milk and eggs, eggs and milk, are always wanted. Then we also use a great deal of milk on the table.

But with so many cows I should think you would have more milk than you can use in this way.

Yes, we have. A great deal of it is churned into butter; and even more of it is made into cheese.

Tell me how butter is made.

Butter is made from cream. Some cows give very rich milk. When this milk stands for a while, the cream rises to the top. Some cream is very thick and rich. The best cream makes the best butter.

The cream is put into a churn, where it is stirred, and stirred, and stirred. After a long time a part of the cream becomes fine butter. The other part becomes buttermilk.

Now tell me how cheese is made.

Cheese is made from cream, and sometimes from milk. When the cream or milk is ready, something is put into it to make it curdle.

When it has curdled it is put into a dish, or wide hoop, which is shaped like a cheese. Then it is pressed down very hard. The thin, milky part is all squeezed out; the rest is a

cheese, which is left in the hoop until it becomes quite solid.

Good-by, little dairy maid. I have learned a good deal from you. Butter and cheese are made from cream. Cream is the rich part of milk. Cows give us milk.

---

läugh'ter	cheeks	kīnd'ly	mĕr'chant
Dā'vў	pȧth	ŭn kīnd'	sōld
slōw'lў	rŏcks	mŏss'eṣ	elōtheṣ

LITTLE DAVY.

It was play time at the little red schoolhouse on the hill, and the children had run out into the bright sunshine, wild with laughter and fun.

All but little Davy. He came out last and very slowly, and he did not laugh. He was in trouble, and he did not see the bright golden sunlight and the pretty flowers that were doing their best to make him glad.

He walked across the yard, and sat down on a stone where none of the children could see him. A little bird in a tree was singing a song, but even this did not make him glad.

Davy did not hear the bird. Some of the children would not play with him because his clothes were so poor. Some had even laughed at him. The tears came into his eyes, and then ran down his cheeks.

Poor Davy had no father, and his mother had to work hard to keep him at school.

That evening when school was out, he started home alone by the path that led through the woods. He still felt sad.

Davy did not wish to trouble his mother; so he stopped a while among the trees, and tried to think what he should do.

Just then his teacher came along. She saw who it was, and said very kindly, "What is the matter, Davy?" He did not speak, but the tears began again to start.

"Will you not tell me?" said the teacher. "It may be that I can help you."

Then he told her how the children had laughed at him because of his poor clothes. The teacher listened. When he had ended, she said: "The children did very wrong to laugh at you, Davy, and I am sure they did not think. But I have a plan that I think will help you."

"Oh, what is it?" he said, while his face became bright with joy.

"Well, how would you like to be a little flower merchant?"

"I should like that very much," said Davy. "But where shall I get my flowers?"

"You can get them in these woods, and in the fields. Here are blue violets, down by

the brook are white ones, and among the rocks are beautiful mosses. Bring them to me, and I will help you put them together."

The next day the children did not laugh at Davy. I think the teacher must have told them how wrong it was.

On his way to and from school, the little boy hunted in the woods and fields for mosses and pretty wild flowers. His teacher helped him put them together, and then he took them to town and sold them.

He soon had money enough to help his mother buy many little things that were needed for her home; and the children never thought of laughing at his poor clothes again.

Mŭn′gō	lōw′er	mĭd′dle	rŭsh′ing
mĭl′ler	ôr′der	ōat mēal′	drowned
ĭn sīde′	brĭdge	năp′kĭn	hăp′pened

MUNGO.

Once there was a miller who had a large black dog called "Mungo."

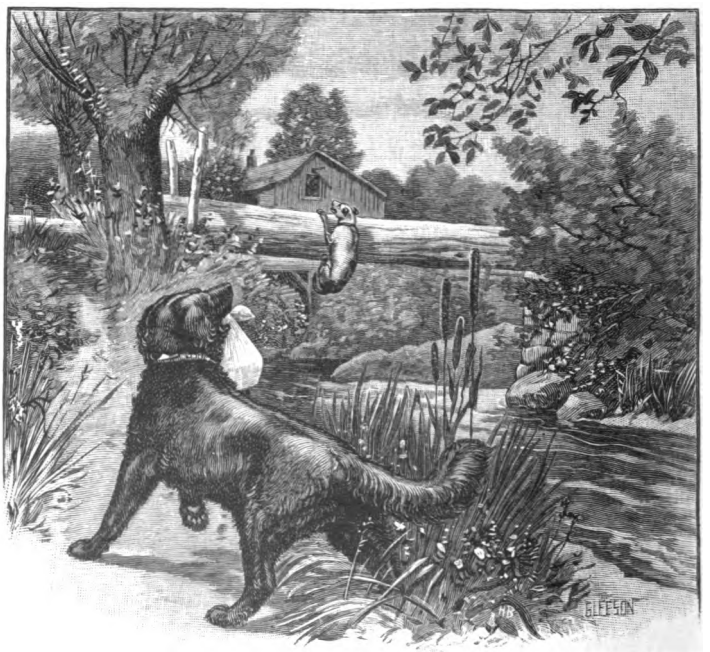
Mungo was very kind to children. When the baby pulled his hair with both her hands, he would stand still and look pleased; and he would not let any one know how much she hurt him.

At night he stayed in the mill. When the miller came in the morning, he always found Mungo keeping watch just inside of the door. He would leave the door open and go about his work in the lower part of the mill; but still Mungo would stay at his place.

When at last the mill was started to running, and everything was in order, the miller would come upstairs and nod to Mungo. Then the dog would start to the house to get the miller's breakfast. He would make two trips. The first time he would bring a small

pail of milk; then he would go back and get a dish of oatmeal tied up in a napkin.

One morning a little dog that lived near by was trying to cross the river by walking on a



log which was sometimes used as a foot bridge. There had been a great rain, and the river was very swift and deep.

When the little dog was about half way over the foot bridge he fell into the rushing water.

He tried his best to swim to the shore, but the stream was too strong for him. He was carried down toward the mill, where he would have been drowned.

Just at this time Mungo was going down to the mill with his master's dish of oatmeal. He saw the little dog fall into the water and heard him cry for help.

Mungo did not stop a minute to think. He set the dish on the ground by the side of the road, and then ran down the river bank as fast as he could.

When he got well below the little dog he jumped into the water and swam out into the middle of the stream. He was so big and strong that he could swim well; and he was just in time to catch the little dog as he came floating down.

Mungo seized the poor fellow by the neck in such a way as to keep his head above water. Then he swam with him to the shore, and drew him high and dry out of the water.

He shook himself, as dogs always do when coming out of the water. Then he struck the

little dog gently, first with one paw and then with the other, as much as to say, "Little fellows like you must keep away from the river."

Having done this, he went back, picked up his dish of oatmeal, and carried it to his master as if nothing had happened.

kĭt'tў	bärn	frŏl'ie
mou'sĭe	spīed	päwş
nīne	pēarl	slĭpped

KITTY AND MOUSIE.

Once there was a little kitty,
White as the snow;
In a barn he used to frolic,
Long time ago.

In the barn a little mousie
Ran to and fro;
For she heard the little kitty,
Long time ago.

Two black eyes had little kitty,
Black as a crow;
And they spied the little mousie,
Long time ago.

Four soft paws had little kitty,
Paws soft as snow;
And they caught the little mousie,
Long time ago.

Nine pearl teeth had little kitty,
All in a row;
And they bit the little mousie,
Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little mousie,
Mousie cried out "Oh!"
But she slipped away from kitty,
Long time ago.

hăb'ĭts	ẹąuṣe	sŏr'rў	pŭn'ĭsh
tąught	mĕl'low	sĕv'enth	păn'trў
rŏt'ten	spoil	ċom'pan y	rụde

BAD APPLES.

One day Robert's father saw him playing with some very rough boys. He had thought for some time that his son was learning bad habits, and now he knew the cause. He was very sorry, but he thought it best not to punish Robert at the time.

In the evening he brought to the house six beautiful apples. He gave them to Robert, telling him to lay them away for a few days until they should become mellow. Robert thanked his father, and laid them upon a dish in his mother's pantry.

Just as he was putting them away, his father laid on the dish a seventh apple, which was quite rotten, and asked Robert to let it stay there. "Father," said Robert, "the rotten apple will spoil all the others."

"Do you think so? Why should not the six good apples rather make the bad one

good?" asked his father. And with these words he shut the door of the pantry and walked away.

A week after this he asked his son to open the door of the pantry and take out the apples. What do you think Robert found? The six apples were all rotten.

"Oh, father!" he cried, "this is just what I thought would take place when you told me to leave the rotten apple on the dish. Did I not tell you that the bad apple would spoil the good ones?"

"My boy," said his father, "I have often told you not to play with rude boys; for, just as the rotten apple has spoiled all the good ones, so the company of such boys will make you bad. You did not think so; and I have tried to teach you a lesson with these apples."

Robert never forgot the lesson which his father had thus taught him. When any of the bad boys asked him to go with them or play with them, he thought of the rotten apples and turned away from them.

ĭnn	Brụ′ĭn
pōst	toŭched
hŭn̲′grў	yoŭng′est
ĕld′est	eôr′ner
kĭtch′en	găr′ret
bärn′yärd	stŭmp
mouth′fụl	strōke

BRUIN.

I am going to tell about something that once happened in a little country town on the other side of the sea.

The sun had been down for more than an hour, and the moon was shining high over the tree tops. Down in the kitchen of the inn sat a man who was going about the country with a pet bear. He was eating his supper.

Bruin, poor fellow, who never did any harm, had been left in the barnyard. He was tied to a post behind a pile of wood. He was very hungry, and yet his master had not given him a mouthful to eat.

Up in the garret of the inn, three little children were playing. The eldest might be six years old, the youngest not more than two. They were very happy, and they often

looked up at the moon and laughed as it looked in upon them through the window.

"Stump! stump!" it was some one coming upstairs. Who could it be? "Stump! stump! stump!" the heavy steps came up,

up, up, toward the garret door. Who could it be?

The door flew open; it was Bruin, — great, black, hungry Bruin! He had got tired of standing in the barnyard. He had untied himself, and had now found his way upstairs.

The children were much frightened when they saw the big bear. Each ran into a corner to hide; but Bruin found them all, and touched each one with his big cold nose, and did not try to harm them in any way.

"This is nothing but a big dog," said the children. "See how gentle and kind he is." Then, one by one, they came out of their dark corners and began to stroke the rough old bear.

---

dŏg′gĭe	bēat	seek	märched
out dȯne′	hīnd	sōl′dier	shăg′gў
shout′ed	sĕe′ond	ĕn joyed′	brōōm′stĭck

BRUIN AND THE CHILDREN.

Bruin laid himself down on the floor; and the youngest boy lay down by him and hid

his head with its golden curls in the bear's long black fur. "Good doggie," said the little fellow, "come and play hide and seek with me."

Then the eldest boy took his drum and beat upon it till the room was full of the noise. The bear rose up on his hind legs and began to dance. All the children were delighted, and the youngest shouted with joy.

Next, each boy took his toy gun, and Bruin, not to be outdone, seized the broomstick. "What a fine soldier he is, and how well he holds his gun!" shouted the second boy.

Then they marched — "left, left, left, right, left," — up and down the long room. It was fine fun, and shaggy old Bruin enjoyed it as much as any of the children.

In a little while some one came up the stairs and opened the door. It was the mother of the three boys. You should have seen her. You should have seen what a great fright she was in. Her face was as

white as the snow under the trees; her mouth was half open; she was ready to scream.

But the youngest boy laughed in great

delight and shook his golden curls. Then he shouted, "Oh, mother, we are playing soldiers with the big doggie!"

And just then the master of the bear came in and led him away.

trŭst	clōse	friĕnd'lў	blŏs'som
slĕpt	cov'ered	drēamed	sweet'ness

THE KIND OLD OAK.

It was almost time for winter to come. The little birds had all gone far away, for they were afraid of the cold. There was no green grass in the fields, and there were no pretty flowers in the gardens.

Many of the trees had dropped all their leaves. Cold winter with its snow and ice was coming.

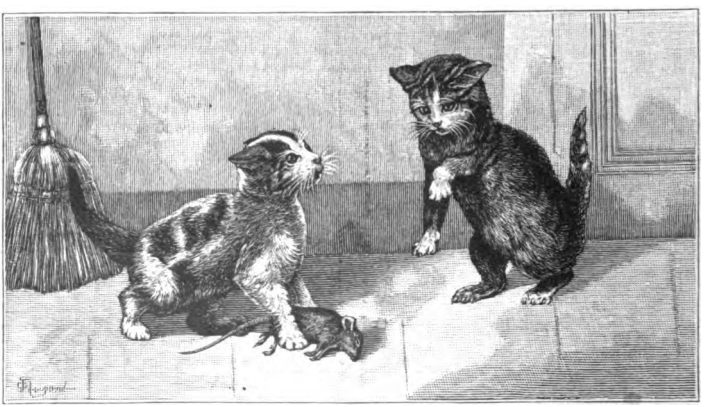
At the foot of an old oak tree some sweet little violets were still in blossom. "Dear old oak," said they, "winter is coming; we are afraid that we shall die of cold."

"Do not be afraid, little flowers," said the oak. "Close your yellow eyes in sleep, and trust to me. You have made me glad many a time with your sweetness. Now I will take care that the winter shall do you no harm."

So the violets closed their pretty eyes and went to sleep; they knew they could trust the kind old oak. And the great tree softly

dropped red leaf after red leaf upon them, until they were all covered over.

Cold winter came with its snow and ice, but it could not harm the little violets. Safe under the friendly leaves of the old oak they slept and dreamed happy dreams until the warm rains of spring came and waked them again.



swĕpt fīght crĕpt 'twas nō'whêre
nǫne brōōm fĭn'ĭshed wōn't sweep'ing

THE LITTLE KITTENS.

Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel, and then to fight;
One had a mouse, the other had none,
And that was the way the quarrel begun.

"I'll have that mouse," said the bigger cat.
"You'll have that mouse? We'll see about that."
"I will have that mouse," said the older one.
"You won't have that mouse!" said the little one.

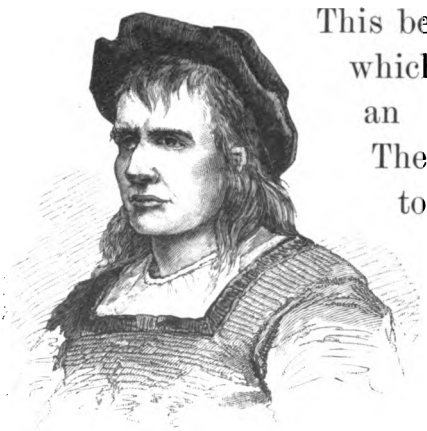
I told you before 'twas a stormy night
When these two little kittens began to fight;
The dairy maid seized her sweeping broom,
And swept the two kittens out of the room.

The ground was covered with ice and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go;
So they laid them down on the mat at the door,
While the dairy maid finished sweeping the floor.

And then they crept in as quiet as mice,
All wet with snow, and as cold as ice;
And they found it was better, that stormy night,
To lie down and sleep than to quarrel and fight.

knōwn	rōamed	whose
ŭn knōwn′	In′dĭ ans	stēam′shĭps
ō′çean	Eu′rope	strānġe
vĕs′sels	Co lŭm′bus	fâir′ў lănd
elēared	ĕv′erў bŏd′y	re mĕm′ber

COLUMBUS.



This beautiful country in which we live was once an unknown land. There were no busy towns in it, no pleasant farms, no roads, no schoolhouses.

Wild animals lived in the woods, and red Indians hunted and fished and roamed about from place to place. There was not a white man in all the land.

The white people who lived in Europe did not know that there was any such country in the world. No one had ever crossed the great ocean; no one knew what was on this side of it.

At last a brave man whose name was Columbus, said: "I will cross the wide ocean; I will find out what lies on the other side."

So, with three small ships and a hundred men, he set sail. There were no swift steamships then, and his little vessels sailed very slowly. It took them two months to cross the sea.

How glad Columbus and his men were to see the land! Everything was very strange to them: the people, the animals, the trees, were not like those they had known in Europe. The country seemed a fairyland.

When Columbus went back to Europe he told all about the strange new land he had found. Everybody was delighted, and a great many people wanted to come here to live.

Year after year, year after year, men from Europe came over in ships. They built houses. They cleared the ground and made farms.

Little by little the woods were cut away. And now in the country that was once so wild, there are hundreds and hundreds of happy homes.

sĭck	ḡreed′y̆	jūiç′y̆	mĕlt′ed
ȧn′swer	fru̇it	wāste′fu̇l	mär′ket
sĕlf′ĭsh	quĭck	to̱-mŏr′row	dŏc′tor

THE PEACHES.

One day a man who had been to market brought home five peaches. His four sons met him at the door, and he said, "Here, boys, I have brought a peach for each of you, and one for your mother." They took the fruit and thanked their father. It was not often that they could have such fine peaches.

In the evening the father said: "Well, boys, what did you do with those peaches?"

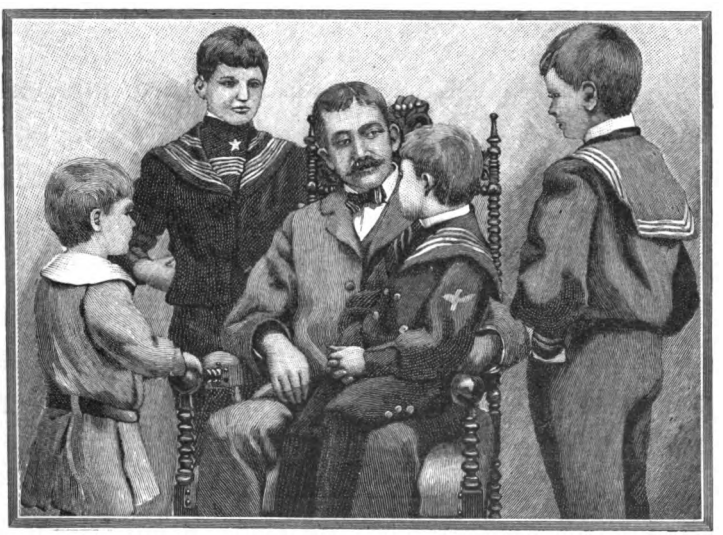
The eldest said, "I ate mine, and found it very sweet and juicy. I have put the stone away, and in the spring I will plant it. If it grows, I will have a peach tree of my own."

"You have done right," said his father. "It is a good thing to think of having something for yourself to-morrow or next year, and one should take care never to be wasteful."

The youngest boy then said: "I ate my peach and threw away the stone, and mother

gave me half of hers. It was so good, it melted in my mouth."

"Well," said his father, "you are a little boy and know no better. But you should



not have been so quick to eat the peach and throw away the stone."

The next boy said: "I picked up the stone which he threw away; I broke it open and ate the kernel. Then I sold my peach for enough to buy three peaches the next time I go down the street."

The father was not so well pleased with this answer. "It is right to think of having something for yourself, but you have acted in a way that I am afraid will make you selfish and greedy. There is a better way than that, my boy."

The other boy then said: "I did not eat my peach. I gave it to the little sick boy who lives across the street. The doctor said that ripe fruit would do him good, but his mother is too poor to buy any for him."

The other three brothers felt that this boy had made the best use of his peach; and the tears of joy in his mother's eyes were better to him than a basket full of fruit.

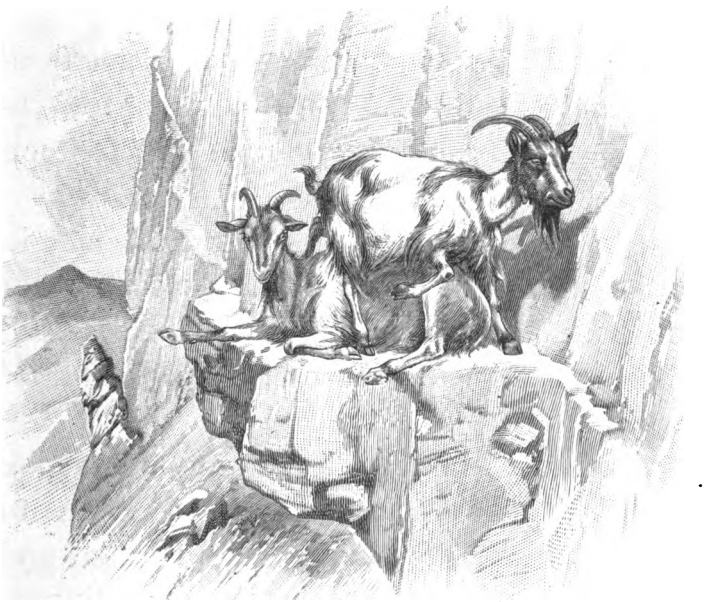
---

moun'tain	gōats	chăsm	bŏt'tom
stămped	lĕdge	năr'row	sāfe'ly
lāid	clĭff	nēith'er	wĭll'ing
lān	hôrns	prĕssed	a līve'

THE TWO GOATS.

On a wild mountain, two goats met on a narrow ledge near the top of a high cliff.

The ledge was so narrow that there was no room for them to pass each other. It was so narrow that neither of them could turn round and go back.



A steep rock rose high above them on one side. On the other side was a deep, dark chasm at the bottom of which flowed a swift river. What do you think the two goats did?

One of them with great care laid himself down on the narrow ledge, and pressed himself as close to the rock as he could. Then the other goat gently and with great care stepped over his friend, and when he was safely past him he ran swiftly away.

The goat that had lain down then got from the ground and went on his way, free to spring again from rock to rock and feed on the sweet grass on the hills.

Not long after this, two other goats met in the same place. They looked at each other and both became angry. Then each said to the other, "Get out of my road and let me pass!"

Then they stamped their feet and shook their heads, but neither would give way to the other. At last they began to strike and fight with their horns; then their feet slipped, and both fell down into the swift stream, and were lost in the waters.

Both might still have been alive and happy if one had been willing at the right time to give up to the other.

fâir
chĭll
soŭth'ern
nôrth'ern

a līke'
därk'est
bälm'ў
fĕath'er ў

WHAT ARE THE CHILDREN DOING?

What are the bright eyes watching
Under the Southern sun?
Oh, the roses fair in the balmy air,
And the vines that climb and run.

What are the bright eyes watching
Under the Northern sky?
Feathery snow, while the chill winds blow,
And the clouds go drifting by.

What are the children doing
Alike in the cold and the heat?
They are making life gay on the darkest day,
With the sound of their little feet.

What are the children learning
  Alike in the East and the West?
That a Father's hand is o'er sea and land —
  That of all things, Love is best.

out sīde′	hạll′wāy	blāze	glåss
whāle	wĭck	cŏŏks	skĭnṣ
mēat	sēal	tĕnt	rŭn′nerṣ
pōleṣ	īs′landṣ	sēa′shōre	piēç′eṣ
Hänṣ	Es′kĭ mōṣ	wāveṣ	whāle′bōne

BOYS OF OTHER COUNTRIES.

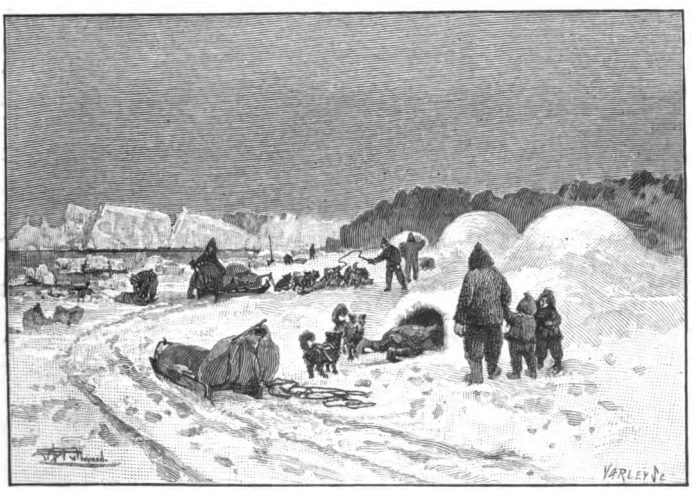
THE LITTLE ESKIMO.

My name is Hans. My people are called Eskimos.

I live in the far, far North, where there is snow and ice all the year round. I would not like to live where it is warmer.

My father's winter house is made of snow and ice. It is a very pleasant place; at least, I think it is so.

It has but one small door, just large enough for father to creep through on his hands and knees. To get to this door from the outside, one must creep through a long hallway that is no higher than the door itself.



There is only one room in this house, but it is quite cozy and warm. The only fire we have is the blaze of a big lamp in the middle of the room.

The lamp is not made of glass, but is like a big stone dish full of whale's oil. A wick

of moss is hung in the oil, and when this is burning it gives off a good deal of heat.

My mother cooks our food over this lamp. Shall I tell you how we get our food?

My father sometimes kills a white bear. Sometimes a whale comes too near the shore, and the waves throw him up on the ice.

We are always glad when a whale is found, for then we have a big dinner every day for a long time. We think there is nothing so good as whale's fat.

When we have neither bear's meat nor whale's fat, we eat something else. We often have fish or the eggs of sea birds. Sometimes we have the meat of a seal or of a white fox; but we do not care much for such food.

In the winter we do not see the sun for many weeks, and there is one long night. Then it is very cold, and we stay indoors almost all the time.

In the summer the sun does not set, and it is day all the time. Then we move out of our winter house, and live in a tent. The

tent is made of skins laid upon some long poles.

The summer is very short, but it is a pleasant time for us boys. We play near the seashore, and hunt for birds' eggs on the little islands. Sometimes we go out in the boats with the men, to catch fish and seals.

We do not like our summer tent very well, and we are glad when the time comes for us to go back to our snug snow house.

I have a pretty sled that my father gave me. Its runners are made of pieces of whalebone.

I have two white dogs that draw my sled over the snow. They can run very fast, and I have a great deal of fun with them when the weather is not too cold.

Once some white men came to our house, and told us about a warm country where there is no snow or ice. I am sure I should not like to live in such a place as that.

I do not mind the cold. I have a pleasant home and kind friends. I cannot see why any one should want more. Can you?

Chī'na	lăn'terns	fŏnd	drīed
shout	drȳ'ing	tēa	rāiṣe
sīght	whēat	āġe	rīce
dăsh'ing	sīde'wąlk	sīze	queer

BOYS OF OTHER COUNTRIES.

THE LITTLE CHINAMAN.

My name is Lee Chang, and I live in a country which you call China. My home is on the other side of the world from your home.

When the sun is rising in my country it is setting in yours. When it is day at your home it is night at mine.

The house in which I live is made of wood, and is only one story high; but there are many things in it that would seem very strange to you.

I go to school almost every day; for boys must learn a great many things before they

become men. Girls do not go to school, but help their mothers at home.

My school is not much like yours. When I am learning my lesson, I shout as loud as I can; for then the teacher will know that I am busy.

I learn to read and write. Our words are not made up of letters as your words are; but each word must be learned by heart, so that you will know it just as you know the face of a friend. It takes a long time to learn to read well.

After school is out, the boys have great sport. Every boy has a kite, and no two kites are just alike. Some are shaped like birds; some, like fishes; some, like bees; and some, like men. It is a fine sight to see many of these flying and dashing about in the air.

We have a great many other toys. We play ball, but not in the same way that you play it. We have beautiful lanterns which we light at night.

The men as well as the boys like to

fly kites and see pretty lanterns. My grandfather, who is a very old man, often goes out to fly his kite. He has one kite, in the shape of an eagle, of which he is very fond.

Nearly all the tea that you buy is brought from my country. The tea leaves grow on a bush; when they are of the right age and size they are picked off and dried, and sold to the tea merchants.

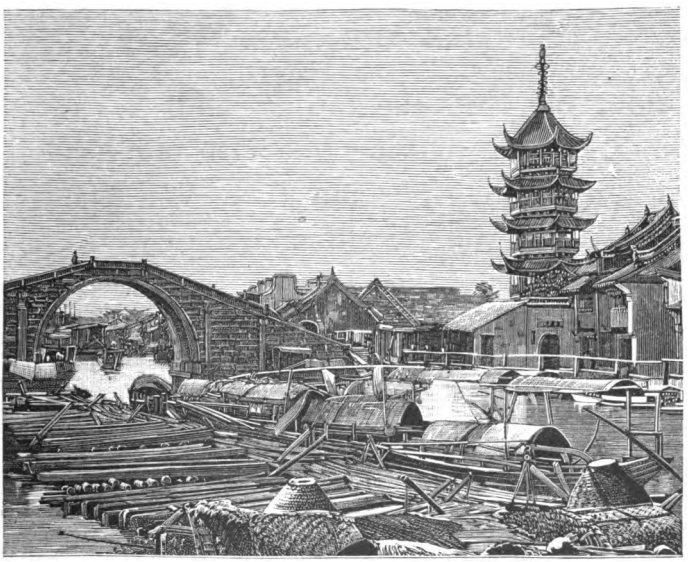
When the time comes for picking these leaves, many boys and girls and men and women are busy gathering them and drying them. Much better tea is raised in some parts of China than in others.

The farmers also raise wheat and rice and other kinds of grain. There are so many people in China that every one must keep busy.

Some of the people live on flat boats on the rivers. They have little houses on the boats, and they raise chickens and ducks and even pigs, for their own food and to sell.

Here is a picture of a town in our country,

showing some of the houses and a bridge. The streets in the towns are very narrow. There is no need of sidewalks; for there are no wagons or carriages. Men carry almost



everything from place to place on their backs.

You will think that China is a queer country. But I think it is the best place in the world.

chĕr′ries mŭs′ter
gă̄th′er sa̤u′ç̆y
shāk′ing rō′gŭish
nŏd′ding mōw

CHERRIES ARE RIPE.

Under the tree, the farmer said,
Smiling, and shaking his wise old head,
"Cherries are ripe; but then, you know,
There's the grass to cut and the corn to hoe;
We can gather the cherries any day,
But when the sun shines we must make our hay.
To-night, when the work has all been done,
We'll muster the boys for fruit and fun."

Up in a tree a robin said,
Shaking and nodding his saucy head,
"Cherries are ripe; and so, to-day,
We'll gather them while you make the hay;
For we are the boys with no corn to hoe,
No cows to milk, and no grass to mow."
At night the farmer said, "Here's a trick!
These roguish robins have had their pick!"

Hĭn′dōō	wêar	e̱ight	e̱ush′ioṉs
In′dia	pälm	pā′per	mȯṉk′ey̱s
băm bōō′	sh̨oe̱s	clōth′ing	tī′geṟs
brĭck	ĕx ç̨ĕpt′	ĭn stĕad′	erŏe′o dīle̱s
dĕsks	slātes	eär′pets	ĕl′e phănts

GIRLS OF OTHER COUNTRIES.

A HINDOO GIRL.

I am a little Hindoo girl, and I live in India. I am eight years old. I help my mother at home, but my brothers go to school.

My brothers' school is not much like yours, and you would laugh at many of the things they do. There are no desks or seats, but all the boys sit on the floor.

Would you like to know how they learn their letters? There is sand on the schoolhouse floor. The teacher makes five letters in the sand. Then the boys write these letters in the sand as well as they can.

They write them over and over until they

know them and can tell the name of each. Then the teacher writes five more letters, and they learn those in the same way.

After they have learned to make all the letters in the sand they are taught how to write them on palm leaves. They write with a large pen made of wood. The larger boys use paper, and have many books from which they read.

It is very warm in that part of India where I live, and people do not wear as much clothing as those do who live in colder countries. Very few of the boys and girls wear shoes.

We do not sit at a table to eat, but our food is set before us on the floor. Many of the poor people use green leaves instead of dishes. They eat but very little except rice.

These people live in small houses made of bamboo poles and mud. They do not have many things in their houses. They sleep on the floor or on mats made of palm leaves.

But the rich people have fine houses built of stone and brick, and made very beautiful.

In their houses they have carpets and cushions and curtains and many pretty things.

There are many wild animals in our country. Monkeys live in the towns as well as in country places, and they go about wherever they please.

There are tigers in the thick woods, and crocodiles in some of the rivers. In some places there are wild elephants. The people in the towns often have tame elephants that are taught to do many kinds of work.

Lăpp	plĕn′tў	fĭn′gẽrs	stōve
Lăp′lănd	stŏck′ings	fôrks	rўe
rein′deer	pâirs	ĕarth	cŏf′fee
rēa′son	ōv′er cōats	smōke	flĕsh
wrăp	līned	härd′lў	knīves

GIRLS OF OTHER COUNTRIES.

THE LITTLE LAPP.

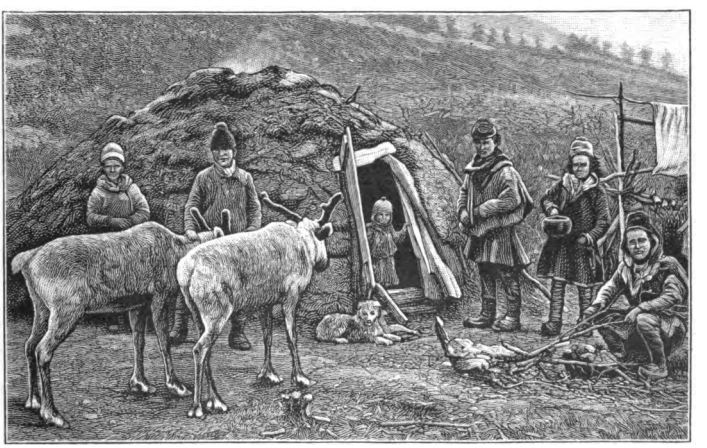
I am a little Lapp. My home is far in the North, in a country which you call Lapland.

We have much cold weather in Lapland, and for that reason we must have plenty of warm clothing. All my clothes are made of wool or fur. My shoes are made of reindeer skin.

In winter every little Lapp wears two pairs of stockings. When I go out of doors I wrap straw around my feet before putting on my shoes. The straw helps to keep my feet warm.

I also put on two pairs of mittens, and

draw my cap well down over my head. All the boys have caps made of reindeer skin and lined with the soft, warm feathers of a duck. They also have long overcoats that reach almost to their feet. These overcoats are made of reindeer skins, and are very warm.



We girls dress very much like the boys. Our long overcoats and warm caps are just the same.

The house that I live in is made of stones and dry earth. You would not think it very pretty; but I like it well enough. It is my home; and all children love their homes.

Our house has only one room in it, and I do not know what we would do with two rooms. On the ground in the middle of the room there is a place for the fire. There is a small hole in the roof for the smoke to go through. Sometimes our house is full of smoke, but we do not mind that.

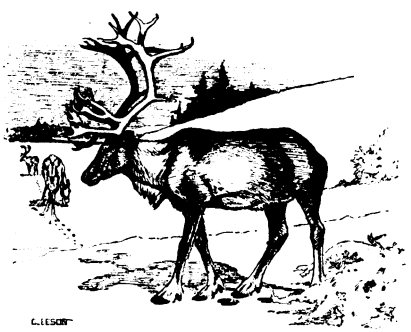
We have no pretty carpets on the floor; but we cover it with small twigs and soft leaves, so that it is always warm and pleasant to our feet. We have no stove, but my mother cooks our food in a pot over the blazing fire. We have reindeer meat and fish for food. We also eat rye bread and cheese. We drink the milk of the reindeer, and sometimes we have coffee.

When dinner is ready we sit around the fire to eat. Father takes the food from the pot and then hands a part of it to each one of us. We take it with our fingers, for we do not have any forks.

The summer in our country is very short; but it is warm and pleasant. We then move out of our warm house, and live in a tent on

the green hillside. The tent is made of reindeer skin. The days are very long in summer. Sometimes the sun is hardly down before it rises again.

When the weather is fine, most of the boys and girls go to school. We learn to read and write; but we do not learn so many things as you do.



Nearly every boy has a reindeer of his own, and some have three or four. My father owns a great many reindeer, and he is very rich.

The reindeer gives us milk. We eat its flesh for food. We make shoes and coats and caps and tents from its skin. We make spoons and knives from its horns.

The reindeer is our horse. It draws our sleds from place to place. It is useful in a great many ways. In our country the richest man is he that owns the most reindeer.

Ă'lï	moist	rŭg	whĭs'tleṣ
Nīle	sprouts	clŏth	reedṣ
Zĕl'ĭ eȧ	dămp	eăm'elṣ	shăl'low
E'ġўpt	bāke	bŭf'fa lō	châirṣ
E ġўp'tianṣ	bănk	dŏn'key	thou'ṣandṣ

GIRLS OF OTHER COUNTRIES.

THE LITTLE EGYPTIAN.

My name is Zelica. I live in a country called Egypt. My people are sometimes called Egyptians.

Egypt is a very old country. In some of your books you may read about the people who lived here thousands of years ago.

A great river flows through Egypt. It is called the Nile. Our people could not live if it were not for this river. Shall I tell you why?

I have heard of rain and snow; but I have never seen it rain in Egypt, and it is too warm here to snow. What do you think would take place if it never rained in your country?

You say that everything would dry up. The same thing would happen in Egypt if it were not for our great river.

Once every year the water in the Nile rises very high. It keeps rising until it covers all the low places for miles and miles. The whole country looks like a great lake.

As soon as the water goes down, the farmers plant their grain in the moist, warm ground. The grain soon sprouts and grows, and the earth is so damp that no rain is needed.

My home is close to the river, and on a little hill just high enough to be out of reach of the water. I often sit by the bank and watch the boats sailing slowly up and down.

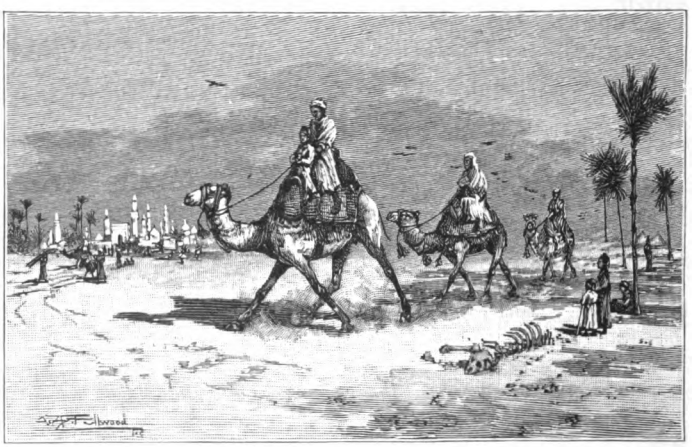
Our house is made of mud. The mud has been baked in the warm sun until it is as hard as brick. You would not think it a pretty house, but I like it very well.

There is only one room in our house. We have no chairs nor beds, as you have in your country. We sleep on soft rugs spread on the floor.

The roof of our house is flat, and we often

go up and sit upon it in the evening. While there we can sometimes see a great many camels traveling along the road towards the city. We can see the city too, but it is many miles away.

My brother has a tame buffalo, and he



often rides on its back. I know a little boy who has a pet donkey. He takes great care of his donkey.

This boy's name is Ali, and his father is very rich. He laughs at my brother when he rides his buffalo; for it does not look as fine as the donkey.

He throws a beautiful red cloth over the donkey's back, and hangs a string of bells on its neck. My brother says he would like to be rich and have a pet donkey, too. But I think he is very well off with his buffalo. Don't you?

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mo̊nths	hŭn̲'ger	ĕmp'tў	drĭp'ping
bŏr'row	fo͞od	bĕg'ging	cŭp'board
rule	sŏr'rō̊w	lĕnd	slăm'ming

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET.

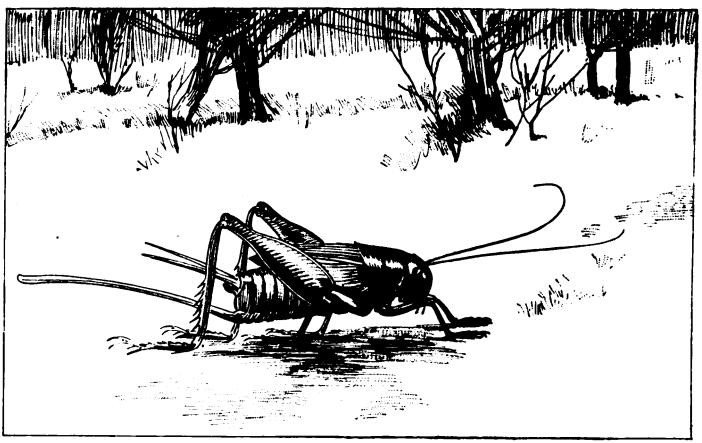
A FABLE.

There was once a young Cricket
  Who did nothing but sing
Through the warm sunny months
  Of summer and spring.

Much surprised was this Cricket
  When he found that at home
His cupboard was empty
  And winter had come.

Not a crumb could be found
On the snow-covered ground
Not a flower could he see,
Not a leaf on a tree.

"Oh, what will become,"
Said the Cricket, "of me?"



At last the poor Cricket,
By hunger made bold,
All dripping with wet,
And trembling with cold,
To the house of an Ant
Went begging for food.

"Dear Ant," he began,
"Will you not be so good
As to help a poor fellow
Who has not any food?

I want a coat for my back,
And shoes for my feet,
A shelter from rain,
And a mouthful to eat.

"I wish only to borrow;
I will pay you to-morrow —
Without them I must die
Of hunger and sorrow."

Said the Ant to the Cricket,
"Do you know, my good friend,
That we ants never borrow,
We ants never lend?
But tell me, dear Cricket,
Did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?"

Said the Cricket, "Not I,
My heart was so light
That I sang day and night,
For all things looked gay."

"You sang, sir, you say?
Go then," said the Ant,
"And dance winter away."

Then slamming the door
In the poor Cricket's face,
He went and sat down
In his warm, cozy place,
And said, "I am sure,
I'd be very, very poor
If I idled away
Every warm summer day.

"And I think that this rule
Is both right and good;
He who lives without work
Must go without food."

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wrōte	făm'ĭ lў	stŭd'ĭed	wọm'an
rēached	phў sḭ'çian	hŭs̱'band	ne çĕs'sĭ tў
mĕd'ĭ çĭne	di rĕe'tions̱	piēç'es̱	re quīres̱'

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

There was once a kind man whose name was Oliver Goldsmith. He wrote many good books, some of which you may read when you are older.

He had a gentle heart. He was always ready to help others and give them a part of

anything he had. He gave so much to the poor that he was always poor himself.

He was sometimes called Doctor Goldsmith; for he had studied to be a physician.

One day a poor woman asked Doctor Goldsmith to go and see her husband; for she said he was sick and could not eat.

Goldsmith did so. He found that the family was in great need. The man had not had work for a long time. He was not sick, but only in trouble; and as for eating, there was not a bit of food in the house.

"Call at my room this evening," said Doctor Goldsmith to the woman. "I will then give you some medicine for your husband."

In the evening the woman called. The doctor gave her a little paper box that was very heavy.

"Here is the medicine," he said. "Use it with care, and I think it will do your husband a great deal of good. But don't open the box until you reach home."

"What are the directions for taking it?" asked the woman.

"You will find them inside of the box," he answered. "Read them when you get home."

When the woman reached her home she sat down by her husband, and they opened the box. What do you think they found in it?

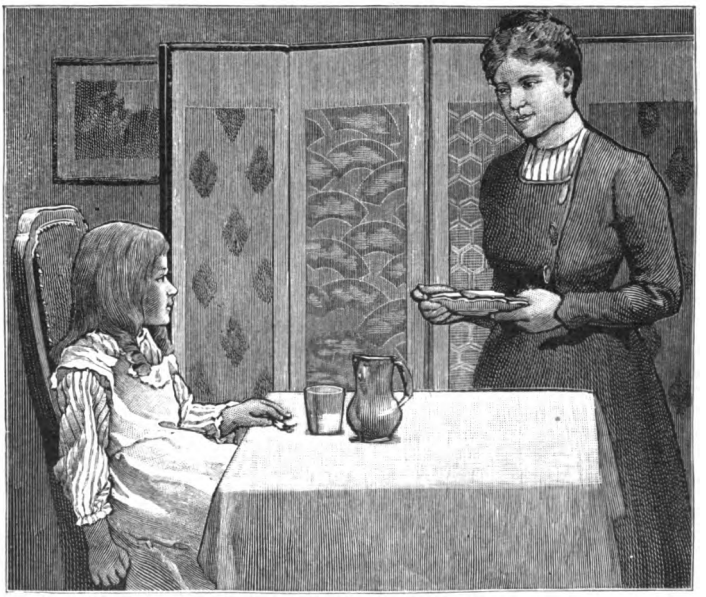
It was full of pieces of money. And on the top were the directions: —

"To be taken as often as necessity requires."

"What does he mean?" asked the man.

"He means that we are to use the money to buy what we need most," said the woman.

Doctor Goldsmith had given them all the ready money that he had.



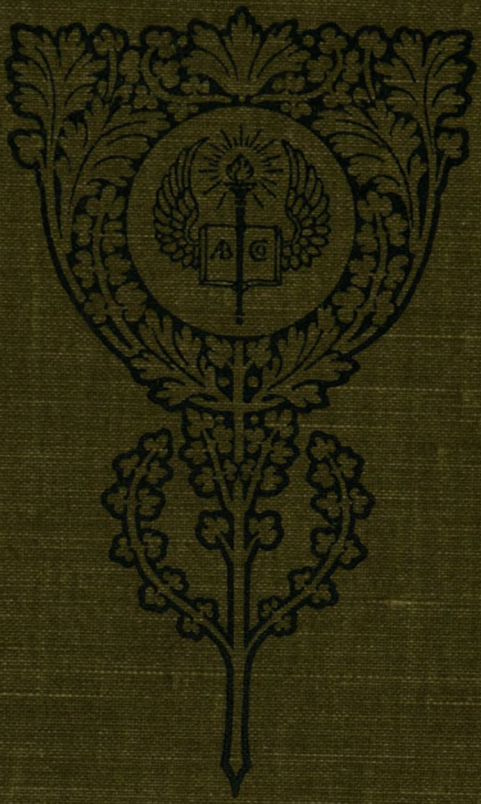
rēap′erṣ	rŭb′bing	dȯth	a fär′
erā′dleṣ	dŭst′y̆	flour	nûr′se ry̆
cheer′y̆	mĭll′stōneṣ	knēad′ing	plāte′fụl
voiç′eṣ	grīnd′ing	dōugh	whĕth′er

ALICE'S SUPPER.

Far down in the valley the wheat grows deep,
And the reapers are making the cradles sweep;
And this is the song that I hear them sing,
While cheery and loud their voices ring:

" 'Tis the finest wheat that ever did grow!
And it is for Alice's supper — ho! ho!"

Far down by the river the old mill stands,
And the miller is rubbing his dusty hands;
And these are the words of the miller's lay,
As he watches the millstones grinding away:
" 'Tis the finest flour that money can buy,
And it is for Alice's supper — hi! hi!"

Downstairs in the kitchen the fire doth glow,
And cook is kneading the soft, white dough;
And this is the song she is singing to-day,
As merry and busy she's working away:
" 'Tis the finest dough, whether near or afar,
And it is for Alice's supper — ha! ha!"

To the nursery now comes mother, at last,
And what in her hand is she bringing so fast?
'Tis a plateful of something, all yellow and white,
And she sings as she comes, with her smile so bright:
" 'Tis the best bread and butter I ever did see,
And it is for Alice's supper — he! he!"